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...OLIVER, Lynchburg, Va.

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HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Purses are to come off over the above Course, on the 3d Tuesday, 21st November.

First Day, at 12 o'clock, a Purse of $200, free for all, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.
Same Day, a Purse of $100, free for all horses that never trotted for money, Two mile heats, in Harness.
Second Day, at 12 o'clock, a Purse of $200, free for all, Two mile heats in Harness.
Same Day, a Purse of $100, free for all except the winners of the above purses; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Great sport is expected, as horses of the greatest renown are in training: Edwin Forrest, Daniel D. Tompkins, Beppo, and Andrew Jackson.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

Philadelphia, Oct. 20, 1837. [n11] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1836, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1836, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hiberma.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $300, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838. Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetia (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Marganx.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $300, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub. $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies free to pt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Sumner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hiberma.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie. Henry Smith. Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bosseley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names bay f. by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $300, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gill names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Coroiet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names —.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and sam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Rauick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Bale Peyton names —.
A. Russell names —.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names —.
Hugh Kirkman names —.
Alexander Barrow names —.
Samuel Ragland names —. o21]

J. E. D.

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refrescnts St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning until 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
sr9R No. 3 Carondelet street New Orleans.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance $5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance 2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper* $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. . . . 1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 41.

Things Theatrical.

MISS CLIFTON.—This lady on Tuesday evening closed her first engagement at the Park, during which the *Drama* has been constantly vieing with *Opera*, and of course only with that success which could be won against the prevailing taste of this music-loving community. Miss Clifton, however, manfully carried on the war; indeed, she ultimately assumed the martial dress and bearing of a hero in the character of *Montaldo*, in Mr. SARGEANT's new Tragedy. It was in this character she appeared at her benefit on Tuesday, on which occasion she had the satisfaction of entertaining a full muster of her friends who were crowding to greet her, and thus paying a most deserved compliment to her accomplishments and attractions as an actress and a lady.

THE NEW COMEDY.—We have been favored with the perusal of Miss CLIFTON's new *Comedy*, written expressly for her by Mr. WILLIS. *It is a capital thing*. It will surprise every one with its sparkling humor, a quality not heretofore characteristic of Mr. W.'s published writings, and will more than equal the public expectation in its dramatic and spirited portraiture of character, for which this gentleman is particularly distinguished. The female character engrosses the main interest of the plot, and never was there written a part more completely adapted to the peculiar capabilities of an artist than are Mr. W.'s vivid illustrations of four different phases of the human heart to the dashing style of Miss Clifton in comedy. The novelty of the conception will ensure it immediate popularity, and the deep insight it exhibits of the workings of passion upon a high-souled, untrammeled spirit, betokens a mind used to read the heart aright, with the power to embody the whole in a character at once so new, and yet so natural, that we are much mistaken if it do not acquire a permanent rank among the sterling comedies of the English stage.

With this meagre expression of our estimate of this new comedy, we commend it to the notice of all lovers of the Drama, and bespeak for its author, and especially for its liberal and fair purchaser, a corresponding generosity on the part of a community ever ready to appreciate and reward.

It is now understood the comedy will be produced for the first time on Monday next.

MADAME LECOMTE.—We have not room to say how much we admired this beautiful *danseuse* upon her first appearance on Thursday evening last. While we write these few lines in her praise, "the shouts of thousands are still ringing in our ears." We think her, beyond a doubt, the most graceful, natural dancer, we have yet seen in this country. To all the brilliancy and spirit which characterised the movements of Celeste, she unites the sweetness and grace of our favorite, Augusta; who, alas, we fear has sacrificed the apparent certainty of unbounded emolument by changing the scene of her triumphs.

We have positively no more time to speak of the acquisition the Park has made in Madame Lecomte. To describe the beauty of her foot would employ an hour—the symmetry of her person at least two more—and we know not how many would be required to do justice to her grace and style. In a future number we will tell of the crowded houses that nightly assemble to greet her, and of the thunders of applause which every perouette brings down.

Franklin Theatre.—The nautical melo-drama of "My Poll and my Partner Joe," has been the principal attraction here for the past week. It was brought out with much care, and has been highly successful. It was produced under the immediate supervision of Mr. GANN, who played a principal part in it with universal approbation. He is establishing himself in favor as a good melo dramatic performer. STANLEY took the other great part in the piece (the drunken cobler), and enacted it in his usual superior style. There was a party-attempt a few nights since to put these gentlemen down in the parts of Harry Hammer and Jemmy Twitcher, which was quite overpowered, and seems to have served them materially. FLYNN commenced a star engagement on Wednesday, and has been well received. The manager's exertions have been most untiring, and seem to be reaping the success which they deserve. The houses have been, without an exception, good.

The Norfolk critics seem pleased with our old favorite Mrs. GIBBS. Hear them discourse:—

Last evening we had the gratification of being present at the "Musical Festival" of Mrs. Gibbs and Mr. and Master St. Luke, and were never more highly entertained on any similar occasion. The exquisite and delightful harmony of Mrs. Gibbs' voice in singing several much admired airs, plainly indicated that as a vocalist she could not be excelled; and together with the unparalleled performance of Master St. Luke on the violin, and the beautiful accompaniment on the piano by Mr. St. Luke, tended to fill every bosom with emotion, and every eye with delight.

The Philadelphia theatres have entered on the campaign in earnest. Forrest opened at the Chesnut-street on the 15th, with his usual success, and has been going through a range of his favorite characters to overflowing houses. On his nights of performance the pavement in front of the theatre is thronged, long before the time for throwing open the doors, by a dense crowd of persons, endeavoring to secure for themselves an early admission to the house. This is Mr. F.'s first engagement there since his return from Europe, and his reception has been proportionably enthusiastic.

The Walnut-street opened also on the 15th, under the talented and liberal management of Mr. Wemyss. Many striking improvements have been effected in the interior arrangements of the theatre. Booth appeared to a full house in the part of Hamlet, and was very cordially received. A new piece, called "The Destruction of Jerusalem," has been produced, supported by the whole strength of the company; the scenery, painted by Smith, is said to eclipse all his former efforts. Booth played Macbeth for his benefit on the 18th, it being the last night of his engagement.

Cook's Circus appears to be doing a good business, and many new and astonishing feats have been recently introduced. The equestrian performances of the company in the pantomime of "Alexander of Babylon," are spoken of in terms of high commendation. The worthy proprietor handed over the entire receipts of the house, a few nights since, for the benefit of divers charitable institutions in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jones are at present fulfilling an engagement with Mr. Barry at the Tremont Theatre. With reference to the gentleman, an exchange paper very gravely informs its readers that "a short time previous to Mr. J.'s return to this country, he performed before the most fashionable houses at Drury-lane, London, and was received with the greatest eclat. His personation of Hamlet was said to be inimitable, and in responding to the plaudits of the audience, he gratefully adverted to the well-timed instruction he had received from his former tutor." "Preserve me from my friends."

Forrest's late engagement of 20 nights at Boston yielded to the treasury the sum of $11,400, averaging $570 per night. His two benefits produced $1725. Miss Tree is now at the Tremont, personating her leading characters in her own inimitable style. Sargeant's tragedy of Velasco was brought out there on Monday night, when "all appliances and means to boot," calculated to secure for it a brilliant reception, were profusely furnished by Mr. Barry.

PRIZE TRAGEDIES AGAIN.

On this subject it affords us pleasure to give place to the following letter from Mr. WALLACK, explanatory of the "peculiar position" in which he was placed by an article, of which a "prize tragedy" formed the theme, in our paper of last week:—

NATIONAL THEATRE, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1837.

SIR,—In your paper of last Saturday, my name appears in an article concerning a "Prize Tragedy." I feel it due to myself, and also to the author of the play alluded to, to request you to give place to a few observations, which, with respect to *myself*, will serve to disabuse the author, and also the writer of the article in the *Spirit of the Times*.

It states that "the author made application in the *proper quarter* for his Tragedy," &c., and learnt "by return of mail, that the *dramas submitted to Mr. Wallack* did not meet his views." Now, Sir, I assure you *that no play in consequence of my advertisement was ever submitted to me*, nor did I ever see the "envelope" of one single drama which may have been presented for the prize.

Having named a committee of literary gentlemen, who obligingly undertook to read and decide for me, I felt that I had taken the best means to secure for the public the *best* play, and *any one* which might have been selected by the committee would have received my most earnest attention, and have been acted forthwith by me with such effect as my humble powers could have given to it.

I sailed for England about the period of my advertisement, and returned on the 5th Sept. following. In October, the period having expired for sending in the plays, I was informed (and from "the proper quarter,") that several dramas had been received, but none of them would answer the intended purpose.

This ended the matter, and I presumed that such dramas as had been presented were returned. Of course my surprise was great, *twelve months after*, at reading such a statement as appeared in the Spirit of the Times last Saturday.

From whatever extraordinary mistake the circumstances may have arisen, I truly regret them, and sincerely share in all the surprise and annoyance of the author.

I hope, and doubt not, but such an explanation to the author from "the proper quarter" will be given, as will remove the present just causes of complaint.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obliged serv't,

Editor of the Spirit of the Times. J. W. WALLACK.

Upon reading this letter of Mr. Wallack, every one will exclaim that he has entirely explained his own immediate *personal* agency in the transaction alluded to, and made perhaps every atonement to the writer whose feelings he had been trifled with, that suggests itself. Let us see, then, how the matter stands, and if the conclusion derived from a consideration of all the circumstances be, that we were too hasty in our remarks last week, and too pointed in our insinuations, then we in turn shall haste to make atonement, and acknowledge the unintentional injustice that has been done Mr. Wallack. And in the very outset we would beg leave to say that we entirely acquit Mr. W. from anything like purposed and contemptuous neglect of the author in question. But to the facts.

An offer of one thousand dollars is made by Mr. Wallack for an original play of a particular character, to be presented, *so and so*, before an appointed time. We may suppose that a lady feels within herself a spirit to enter the lists here opened for all, and a consciousness of an ability to win, if not the prize, at least a measure of applause. She gives her days and nights to the composition of a drama, which she purposes offering for competition,—her feelings become interested in this bantling of her brain,—she entrusts the secret of her unwonted diligence to her family or her friends,—they share in her hopes, they sympathise in her enthusiasm, and aid her with their counsels. Every effort is made, all her powers are tasked to complete the drama before the appointed day;—it is at last completed, and submitted in "the proper quarter."

The attitude occupied by an author who has thus submitted any composition to so trying an ordeal as "a committee of literary gentlemen," is by no means agreeable; nay, it is as mortifying to the poor author as the vainest actor could desire. Fully alive to the unpleasantness of her position may we presume *our* imagined authoress; and if we further suppose her a dark-eyed daughter of the South, at home on the banks of the Potomac, awaiting the result with an eager impatience, and a confidence now full and buoyant, and anon growing fainter and fainter as each day elapses, that brings her nearer to the realization of her anxious hopes or trembling fears; we may conceive something of the actually *abject* position of one who thus submitted the cherished fruit of her genius and toil to "a committee of literary gentlemen." The time passes by when an award might be expected, and none is yet made public. Perhaps our authoress grows at last faint-hearted, and seeks to withdraw her tragedy from the fearful competition. She makes the application, but it is too late,—they have all been submitted to "the committee," and the decision is determined upon. In announcing this result, some regard to the feelings of the author ought surely to be evinced;—nay, the slightest aberration from the most punctilious regard to them should be scrupulously avoided, as liable to inflict wounds, to heal which would be quite beyond the power of author or "committee" man. No sensitive mind will gainsay this.

But suppose our imagined authoress, in reply to her application for her tragedy, receives the calm response, that "The Dramas submitted to Mr. Wallack did not meet his views," and that for reasons assigned, her own could not at the moment be returned; and that afterwards even a less cautious and measured announcement of her failure meets her eye and the eyes of her friends in every print that reaches them from the North, and, to conclude this farce, that, as the result of repeated solicitations, she at length receives back her poor "rejected" manuscript, and finds it as entire as when first she parted with it, even the seal of its envelope unbroken!! Under these circumstances will it be wondered at that she should feel at once injured and insulted—that she should conceive her feelings to have been rudely and wantonly trifled with? What less indeed could one feel? and what less could an Editor say to whom such facts should be disclosed, than was so poorly said by us last week? But, courteous reader, these circumstances are not *all* imaginary, and this trifling with the feelings of a lady not quite suppositious.

Thus much in justification of the too feeble remarks we felt compelled to make last week, as the conductor of a print which takes some note of passing events of interest in theatrical affairs, and which is deemed *peculiarly* bound to vindicate the feelings and defend the interests of a lady, and that lady a daughter of the South.

At so late an hour before going to press did we receive Mr. Wallack's communication, that we have only time in conclusion to repeat, that we consider it as exculpating *himself* entirely from any suspicion of unfair dealing, or of *direct personal* agency in the injustice committed towards the correspondent who has chosen our columns through which to make her well-founded complaints. But if we may judge from the whole tone, and especially the closing paragraph, of his letter, we venture to say that no one knows better than Mr. W. that his responsibility does not cease here; he fully understands that the actor who calls in to exercise the powers of authors by holding out to them the hope of reward, does not rid himself of his obligations to see justice done to them in case of wrong, by merely disclaiming any *personal* ill intentions—but only by disclosing the real source whence the wrong proceeded, and thus forcing from the "proper quarter" reparation to injured interests and injured feelings.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Barnes are at Richmond, Va. It is hardly necessary to say that their reception has been cordial in the extreme. Miss Charlotte enacted Jane Shore on the first night of her appearance in a style of excellence that appears to have taken the audience by surprise. Her new tragedy, Octavia Brigaldi, was in active preparation, and was to be produced immediately: a successful candidate, we trust, for the applause and favor of the young lady's Virginia admirers.

There has been a perfect flare-up at the City Theatre, Louisville, lately. From the conflicting testimony before us, it would be difficult indeed to arrive at any correct judgment on the merits, or rather *demerits* of the case. As is usual in such transactions, a few *trifling variations* are perceptible in the statements put forth by the belligerent parties. The following version of the affair is from the *Public Ledger*, and which we here subjoin in want of a better:—

C. B. Parsons, F. S. Hill, and W. M. Foster, of the City Theatre, have been at war. The campaign was carried on in Hill's dressing-room, and—

"It was the strongest precedent, by far,
In ancient or in modern story,
Of such a desperate intestine war,
Waged in so small a territory."

Foster published a card in the City Gazette, in which he says, that while dressed for the character of Titus, and loaded with chains, he was decoyed into Hill's room, and knocked down and beaten by Parsons with a loaded whip; and that in recovering and attempting to seize Parsons by the throat, he was severely cut in the arm with a dirk or knife. Parsons publishes a counter card, in which he confesses the whip and whipping, but denies the loading; and says the provocation was Foster's insolent answers on being reminded of neglect in his duty. Foster accuses Hill of decoying him into his room to favor the assault of Parsons. We advise the police to hand them over to the Grand Jury.

We are grieved to learn that Arthur F. Keene, the popular vocalist and composer, died at Mobile on the 3d inst., a victim to the prevailing epidemic. The *Mercantile*, in noticing the event, truly says:—

The whole population of Mobile will regret his demise, for many a time and oft has he amused and edified that population with his merry Irish songs and patriotic airs.—And a large circle of friends and acquaintances elsewhere will mourn the loss of poor Keene. He was a noble fellow, and a right jovial one. Never will he sing to us again—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore."

We sighed as we erased his name this morning from our subscription list, and felt that even had a better one occupied its place, we could have *better spared it*. Mr. Keene was to have proceeded to New Orleans in a few days, to fulfil an engagement at the St. Charles-street theatre.

Madame Celeste has *not* been engaged to dance a principal set of characters at the Academie Royale of Paris, as has been generally asserted and believed. The lady, it is understood, applied to the Academy, but upon being weighed in the balance, was "found wanting," and consequently received a civil rejection.

Mr. and Miss De Barr, and Mr. Williams, appeared for the first time on the night of the 4th at Caldwell's theatre, New Orleans. The "Englishman in India" was the piece chosen, and, while the parties mentioned above receive their due modicum of praise at the hands of the critics, most of the other performers, male and female, are very pleasantly mixed up and amalgamated in one irrevocable fiat of d——n.

Our old friend Russell breaks cover at the Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans, at an early day. He was down at the *Balize* on the 3d inst. with part of his company, on board the *Normandie*. The interior of the house has been newly painted and decorated, and presents in all its compartments a chaste and elegant appearance. The most striking addition to its splendor is a magnificent drop scene, painted by Mondelli. Farren, Larkin, and others of his company who had already arrived, were anxiously awaiting his advent as the signal for immediate operations. The little Camp, under Russell's training, will show a bold front to the enemy, and maintain a stout stand-up fight—a regular knock-down and drag-out contest with its gigantic rival.

Barrett was at Cincinnati at the last dates. He will shortly visit New Orleans, where he is engaged at the St. Charles.

The theatre at Augusta, Ga., has been opened under the able management of Mr. Forbes.

Dr. Valentine is giving an exhibition of Yankee eccentricities at Albany. Under the provocatives to laughter administered by the Dr., the hospitable but phlegmatic Hollanders are constrained to discard their accustomed cold and guarded bearing, and to confess themselves in a perfect ecstacy with his drolleries.

Concert.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be perceived that MADAME CARADORI ALLAN offers a Concert on Wednesday evening next, at the City Hotel. Any exercise of the powers of this amiable and accomplished vocalist is sure to call around her crowds of delighted listeners. In the present instance other professional talent has been engaged, and we may be excused for directing attention to the performance of Mr. KING, the pianist, a young man who has already attained a perfect mastery of his instrument.

The following interesting notice of Pasta's performance at Cheltenham occupies a prominent place among the theatrical news furnished us by our late English papers:—

"The closing act was, however, 'the crowning glory' of the evening. The Romeo of Madame Pasta leaves all the finest acting of the English stage at an immeasurable distance behind it. It has been our good fortune to witness some of the most sublime efforts of histrionic art within the present century; and however strong our national predilections may be, justice compels us to concede to Pasta the pre-eminence that is due only to tragic genius of the very highest order. The British stage never presented a more perfect or a more terrific impersonation of human suffering—of the distracting vicissitudes of despair, hope, misery, joy, fear, passionate tenderness, and utter desolation, than that by which Pasta touches all hearts, and subdues all feelings. The Cheltenham audience has act the credit of being "easily moved," but never did we see more enthusiastic homage paid to transcendant merit than every individual of the vast concourse assembled in the theatre, on Monday evening, most emulously paid to Pasta. At the close of the performance, the 'Queen of Song' was loudly but most deferentially called for; and on her appearance, accompanied by Miss Nunn, a laurel-wreath was thrown at her feet. With the innate modesty ever characteristic of true genius, Pasta for some time resisted every effort of her fair friend to place the garland on her brow; but when wreaths of flowers were showered upon the stage by ladies in the boxes, the matchless *cantatrice* eagerly advanced, and snatching them from the boards, pressed these votive offerings to her lips and to her heart, and withdrew amidst the congratulatory acclamations of the whole house."

LONDON COOK'S-SHOP GRAMMAR.

To "What's your fare?" the waiter's rattling prate
Gives "R ast or boil'd beef, mutton, veal and lamb."
"Boil'd beef *underdone*." Forth comes the dingy plate.
"D'ye call this underdone?—'tis dry as yam."
The answer hear ye Penny Mags!—It was a stunner!
"*We can't got none but what's no underdoner.*"

MEMOIR OF BEAU NASH.

Richard Nash—or Beau Nash, as he is commonly called—was born at Swansea, in the autumn of the year 1674. His father possessed a moderate income, which he derived from a partnership in a glass manufactory; and his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, a chivalrous old Cavalier, who was executed by order of Cromwell for defending Pembroke Castle against the assaults of the Roundheads. At the usual age young Nash was sent to a private school at Carmarthen, whence in due time he was transferred to Jesus' College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by an extraordinary and precocious genius for intrigue and gallantry. Before he was seventeen, he had got himself into at least a dozen delicate dilemmas; and, but for the seasonable interference of his college tutor, would have married a female of abandoned character, whose wit and beauty had completely turned his brain.

Disheartened by such licentious conduct, his father abruptly recalled him from the University, and purchased him a commission in the army; a profession of which he soon grew weary, the more especially as he had little besides the slender pay of an ensign to support him. Finding, however, that it was necessary to make some sort of exertion in order to obtain a decent livelihood, our beau entered himself as a law-student in the Temple, and for some months applied himself assiduously to study. But his natural volatility soon regained its usual ascendancy over him, and, dismissing all thoughts of acquiring fortune and reputation as a lawyer, he set up for a man of wit and fashion about town, dressing, as one of his biographers observes, "to the very edge of his finances," exhibiting himself conspicuously in the side-boxes of the theatres, cultivating the acquaintance of young men of rank and wealth, and practising those arts of address and persuasion for which he was afterwards so celebrated.

It was while he was a student in the Temple that a circumstance occurred which gave a wondrous lift to his sense of self-importance, and brought him before the gay world in the very way he most preferred. It seems that it had been long the custom of the different inns of court to entertain our sovereigns on their accession to the crown, with a dramatic pageant; and, on the accession of William the Third, Nash was appointed to conduct this entertainment, a task which he fulfilled so much to his Majesty's satisfaction, that he made him an offer of knighthood. But he refused this honor, at the same time hinting that he should have no objection to be made one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, for then he should have a fortune sufficient to maintain his new dignity. The King smiled, but took no further notice of this broad hint, for he was not one to give pensions without value received; and jokes, even of the first water, always ranked low in his estimation.

This affair of the pageant procured Nash many associates among the rich and the titled, who were delighted by his good-humored vivacity, his easy assurance, his clever after-dinner stories, and his familiar acquaintance with the habits of town life. Many characteristic anecdotes are told of him at this gay period of his life. On one occasion, when called on by the masters of the Temple for certain accounts, among other items he made this odd charge, "For making one man happy, ten pounds." "What is the meaning of this, sir?" said one of the dignitaries in his gravest and most authoritative manner. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied Nash, "I happened a few days ago to overhear a poor man, who had a large family, say that ten pounds would make him happy for life, and I could not resist the opportunity of trying the experiment." The masters were so much struck with the singularity of this explanation, that they not only allowed the charge, but even insisted on doubling it, in testimony of their approbation of Nash's benevolence. On another occasion, having gone down on a sporting excursion to York, our thoughtless Beau lost all his money at the gaming table; and on applying for assistance to a college friend whom he met with in the city, was promised the loan of fifty pounds, provided he would stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket, just as the people were coming out of church. Nash unhesitatingly agreed to do so, but had not stood there long before he was discovered by the dean, who had some slight acquaintance with him. "What!" exclaimed the divine, "Mr. Nash in masquerade?" "Not so reverend sir; I am merely doing penance for keeping bad company;" saying which, he pointed to his companion, who was not a little annoyed at finding the laugh thus unexpectedly turned against him. A few days afterwards, Nash won another wager by riding naked through a country village on a cow, a freak which in those times was considered a clever practical joke!

But the strangest of all his adventures is the following. He was once invited by some convivial officers of the navy on board a frigate that had just received sailing orders for the Mediterranean; and, after spending some hours in revelry, found that during his debauch the vessel had set sail, and that to return to land was wholly out of the question. He accordingly, nothing loth, made the whole voyage with his boon companions, and in the course of it was engaged in action, and severely wounded in the leg, while one of his friends was shot dead by his side. In after years Nash was singularly fond of repeating this story; but as he was apt, like Foote's liar, to be occasionally "poetical in his prose," his hearers always received it with a wholesome distrust. "I don't believe one word about your having been kidnapped on board ship," said a lady of distinction to him one day in a Bath pump-room. "Fact, upon my honor," replied the unabashed Beau: "and, if you will step with me into another room, I shall be happy to show you my leg, which will convince you whether I speak truth or not."

We now come to the great epoch in Nash's life—his accession to the throne of fashion! About the year 1705, a short visit paid by Queen Anne to Bath had the effect of directing the eyes of the gay world to that city. Our Beau, among others, was attracted to it; and, having amassed a large sum by gambling, soon made himself conspicuous by the splendor of his equipage, his trim attire, courteous manners, and invincible good-humor. In those primitive days Bath was little better than an ordinary country town; but Nash, with the prophetic eye of taste, discerned its capabilities as a fashionable watering-place, and by adroitly flattering the local authorities, and worming himself into the good graces of all the most influential inhabitants, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of Master of the Ceremonies, with sole and uncontrolled power to raise subscriptions for building pump-rooms, laying out public walks, and making whatever improvements he might think expedient. From this period down nearly to the day of his death, Nash was, to all intents and purposes, sovereign of the city. King George might rule at St. James's, but King Richard ruled at Bath.

"The eagle he was lord above,
But Rob was lord below."

One of the first reforms projected by the new monarch was in the dress of his subjects. Previous to his accession to the throne it had invariably been the custom for gentlemen to dance in boots. Nash resolved to put a stop to this barbarism, and accordingly issued a ukase ordering his people never henceforth to make their appearance at the Assembly Rooms, save in pumps, silk stockings, and all the finery of full dress. For some time this arbitrary mandate was resisted by more than one Bath Hampden; but perseverance at length gained the day, and the patriots surrendered at discretion. But not only was Nash omnipotent at the city of Bladud, but he subdued also Tunbridge Wells to his authority. In fact, he was as successful a despot as Napoleon, with this difference in his favor—that he ruled by the force of address, while the other ruled solely by force of arms. Napoleon tamed refractory subjects by threats of exile or imprisonment; Nash, by threats of epigrams in the county newspapers.

Having crushed rebellion by the strong arm of power, and brought to a successful issue the important question of boots, or no boots, our Beau next proceeded to draw up a social code, which in the strictness with which it was enforced, and the benefits it conferred on the community for whose use it was intended, may vie with the famous *Code Napoléon*. "I shall go down to posterity," said the French emperor, "with my code in my hand." Nash has come down to posterity with his code also in his hand. We have diligently perused this celebrated document, which, although it contains as many violations of grammar as a king's speech, is remarkable for the good sense and simplicity of its directions. On the conduct, in particular, to be observed by both sexes at public assemblies, it is shrewd and explicit to a degree. Here Nash showed himself the very incarnation of punctilious etiquette. Even royalty itself endeavored in vain to mitigate the severity of his decrees. The Princess Amelia having one night humbly requested him to permit her to join in one more country dance after the hour of breaking up had arrived, Nash assured her that the "established rules of Bath resembled the laws of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter overthrow of all legitimate authority." Of course, as a member of the constitutional House of Brunswick, her Royal Highness succumbed to the force of this logic.

Nash had now been upwards of three years Master of the Ceremonies at Bath; and such was the attention which he paid to its amusements, and so numerous the improvements he made in the architecture and public walks of the city, that it soon became the most fashionable watering place in the empire. But even this did not satisfy his thirst for notoriety, and accordingly he founded another kingdom at Tunbridge Wells, whither he was in the habit of travelling once a year, in a post-chariot drawn by six greys, with out-riders, French horns, and all the paraphernalia of royalty. His arrival at this picturesque spot was always followed by that of the nobility and gentry, who regarded him as their "Sir Oracle." Even the announcement, "Nash is coming," was quite sufficient to raise the price of lodgings, and set every adventurer on the *qui vive*.

Though it was one of Nash's foibles to be thought "a lady-killer," yet this did not prevent him from befriending the fair sex whenever opportunity offered. He was the means of exposing many a scheming libertine, and more than one heiress owed to him her escape from the snares of penniless adventurers. About the time of the treaty of Utrecht, a certain Colonel M——, a gallant handsome officer of dragoons, was in great favor with all the Bath ladies. As however, he had nothing to depend on but his pay, it was an object with him to marry for money; and accordingly he singled out a Miss L——, a wealthy heiress, whose father was desirous that she should espouse a nobleman of distinction. But the Colonel had gained her affections; whereupon Nash, who was well acquainted with his circumstances, wrote to the young lady's parents, advising them strongly to put an end to the connexion, which they did, by abruptly removing her from Bath. The disappointed suitor, enraged at the Beau's interference, instantly sent him a challenge, which was declined; for, among other of his prejudices, Nash held the *monomachia* or *duello* in the most unequivocal abhorrence. Finding his only chance of retrieving his finances thus cut off, the Colonel quitted Bath, where his creditors were become quite clamorous, and in a fit of desperation hurried over to the Continent, and joined the Dutch army in Flanders. Here he enlisted himself as a volunteer; while his friends, not hearing of or from him for a considerable period, gave out that he had been killed in battle. Meantime the nobleman, taking advantage of his rival's absence, pushed his suit with ardor; but before he could bring it to a satisfactory conclusion, the young lady's father died, leaving her property to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds *per annum!* It was at this crisis of her fate that Nash happened to hear that the Colonel had returned to England, but, fearful of being discovered by his creditors, had changed his name, joined a company of strolling actors, and was then playing at Peterborough. On learning these particulars, our Beau thought that the time was come for him to make a reparation to the Colonel, especially as the lady was now of age, and fully competent to make her own choice of a husband. He invites her accordingly to join him and some mutual friends in a short trip to Peterborough, where they arrive early in the forenoon, and, by way of passing the evening agreeably, pay a visit to the theatre. Just as they are entering the box, the Colonel appears on the stage. The young lady recognises him in an instant, and is so much affected by his altered circumstances, that she faints away. On regaining consciousness, she finds him standing beside her. Nash has brought him there. "You thought me your enemy," said the kind-hearted monarch, "but I was no such thing; I merely thought one of you too extravagant, and the other too inexperienced to be likely to make a happy match of it. But the case is altered now; if, therefore, you feel inclined to marry, do so in God's name, and d—n him, say I, that would part you!" They were married within the month, and Nash spent many a pleasant day at their villa in the neighborhood of Bristol.

In the year 1734 Bath was honored by a visit from the Prince of Orange, and in 1738 by another from the Prince of Wales, both of whom took particular notice of Nash; for which, in return, the grateful Beau erected obelisks in their honor. He had now attained the climax of his popularity. His word was law; his bow an honor; his acquaintance a sure passport into the best circles. The Prince of Wales having made him a present of a magnificent gold snuff-box, the rest of the nobility thought it incumbent on them to follow the example; and, accordingly, it soon became the fashion—a fashion which he most disinterestedly encouraged—to give Nash snuff-boxes. As if this were not sufficient distinction, the corporation, in a paroxysm of gratitude for the benefits which he had conferred on their city, determined on erecting a full-length statue of him in the Pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope, which gave rise to one of Lord Chesterfield's wittiest and most caustic epigrams. We subjoin the closing stanza of this brilliant gem:—

"The statue, placed the busts between,
Adds to the satire strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length."

Poor Nash's brains were half-turned by such brilliant prosperity. He had his levees, where he affected all the airs of a legitimate monarch; his buffoons, his parasites, and even his poet laureate. But, so far was he from being satisfied with the flatteries constantly lavished on him, that his appetite "grew by what it fed upon." If a beggar in the street called him "Your honor," he always bowed low to the compliment; but if he called him "Your lordship," he would give him every farthing he had about him. He has even been known, when in London, to stand a whole day at the window of the Smyrna Coffee-house, merely in the hope of receiving a passing bow from the Prince of Wales or the Duchess of Marlborough!

The numerous dedications to Nash are not the least curious proofs of his universal celebrity. Some of these are such exquisite samples of the servile, that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting a sentence or two from them. One is from a noted highwayman, who was taken up for attempting to rob and murder a Dr. Handcock. This scamp, whose name was Baxter, published a book, dated from Taunton jail, exposing the tricks of thieves and gamblers, which he dedicated to Nash, as follows: "As your honor's wisdom, humanity, and interest, are the friend of the virtuous, I make bold to lay at your honor's feet the following work," &c. Another dedication is from a professor of cookery, who says, "As much as the oak exceeds the bramble, so do you, honored sir, exceed the rest of mankind in benevolence, charity, and every other virtue that adorns, ennobles, and refines the human species. I have, therefore, made bold to prefix your name, though without your permission, to the following volume, which stands in need of such a patron." We next find a musical composer essaying the complimentary. "To whom," asks this sycophantic dedicator, "could I presume to offer these, my first attempts at musical composition, but to the great encourager of all polite arts; for your generosity knows no bounds, nor are you more famed for that dignity of mind which ennobles and gives a grace to every part of your conduct, than for that humanity and beneficence, which make you the friend and benefactor of all mankind!" These dedications, and a hundred others of the same calibre, which might have turned the stomach of an ostrich, Nash digested with uncommon facility. But it was with the flatteries of the poets that he used to be most tickled; and many a hungry browser on Parnassus has been rescued by his thirst for praise from the fangs of an unimaginative bailiff.

But the hour was at hand when this Wolsey of the fashionable world was doomed to experience the caprice and neglect of those circles whom he had so long ruled with despotic authority. His sun had attained its meridian, and was already journeying westward. Intoxicated with self-conceit, and firmly persuaded that he was the first man of the age, he began to lay aside those magic arts of address to which he owed all his success; became morose and fidgety; and took a pleasure in speaking unpleasant truths, which he mistook for wit.—He was, besides, getting fast on in years; and age, which brings wisdom to some, to men like Nash is apt to bring nothing but petulance and imbecility.—But he was not splenetic without reason; for his fortune, which he had never husbanded, diminished rapidly, and he had no earthly means left of recruiting it. His greatest grievance, however, was the gradual dropping off of his old friends the nobility, who, it is said, exerted all their influence with the corporation of Bath to get him superannuated, and Quin, the actor, appointed Master of the Ceremonies in his stead. This unparalleled ingratitude, as he called it, stung Nash to the quick, and he threatened to take his revenge of a degenerate aristocracy by writing his memoirs! His intention, however, was never carried into effect; which is a pity, for, judging by the few scraps of composition he left behind, his book would have been a literary phenomenon of the first water.

Nash was now become a confirmed old dotard; nevertheless, he still aped the character of a young beau—still continued to haunt like a spectre the scenes of his departed glory. Though the snows of eighty-six winters were whitening on his head, it was still his proudest ambition to "settle the fashion of a lady's cap," and assign her her proper station in a country-dance. This, which, to say the worst of it, was but harmless drivelling, roused against him the pious wrath of the more straight-laced among the Somersetshire clergy, who pelted him with the most [illegible] pamphlets; exhorted him to quit the assembly-room for the church, and to repent of those colossal enormities of which they charitably took for granted that he had been guilty. One of these clerical pamphleteers addressed him in the following indulgent terms: "Repent! repent! or wretched will you be, silly, vain old man, to eternity! The blood of souls will be laid to your charge; God's jealousy, like a consuming flame, will smoke against you, as you yourself will see in that day when the mountains shall quake, and the hills melt, and the earth be burned up at his presence." Another says, "God will bring you to judgment. He sees me now I write; he will observe you while you read. He notes down my words; he will also note down your consequent procedure. Not then upon me, not upon me, but upon your own soul will the neglecting or despising my sayings turn." How different these fanatical fulminations from the honied flatteries, in the shape of poems and dedications, on which Nash's vanity had been so long fed!

The poor old man was now hourly decaying; but this quite as much from grief as age. The season of snuff-boxes was over; the great had altogether forgotten him; and he was preserved from utter penury solely by the munificence of the Bath corporation, who granted him ten guineas the first Monday of every month. For some weeks previous to his decease, it was evident that his last hour was at hand; but he himself would never admit it. He clung to life with all the tenacity of a Johnson; and roundly asserted that he was in robust health at the very moment when he was treading, with palsied head and tottering limbs, on the threshold of the grave. At length his exhausted powers wholly gave way, and he expired in the eighty seventh year of his age, at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, in the spring of 1761.

In person Nash was large and awkward, with harsh, strong, and irregular features. Nevertheless, he was popular with women, and not unsuccessful as a gallant: for he dressed showily, had some wit, abundance of small talk, and was by no means encumbered with modesty.

Next to his powers of gallantry, Nash piqued himself on his wit. But he was by no means remarkable for this quality, though never did mortal man labor harder to say good things. His best jokes were always cracked unawares. The majority of them are well known to the world, for Smollett, with the coolest effrontery, has transformed them, unacknowledged, into his own novels. We will, however, give one or two of them. Meeting one morning, in the Pump-room, a lady who was deformed Nash asked her where she came from. Her reply was, "Straight from London." "Then, madam" replied the Beau, "you must have been confoundedly warped by the way." Doctor Cheney, on some occasion having recommended to him a vegetable diet, he tartly observed, "I suppose you would have me go grazing and eating thistles like Nebuchadnezzar!" "No, no," said the doctor, who was also a wag, "there needs no such metamorphosis; your ears are quite long enough already." Being once confined to his house by sickness, the same physician drew up a prescription for him, and, calling on his patient next day, found him up and well. "I'm glad you had the good sense to follow my prescription, Mr. Nash," quoth the leech. "Follow it!" exclaimed the other, "Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I flung it out of my bedroom window." We are not without our suspicions that this last witticism is a regular Joe Miller, for we have detected it in at least a dozen different publications. But this is not to be wondered at, for your good joke is the greatest of travellers. The "facetiæ" of the old Greek wag, Hierocles, have been naturalised in every language of Europe.

Though convivial in his youth, yet, for the greatest portion of his life, Nash was rigidly abstemious in his habits. He loved plain dishes, seldom remained long at table, and usually contented himself with two glasses of wine. But he liked to see his friends enjoy themselves, and would encourage them in these elegant and emphatic terms: "Eat, gentlemen,—eat and drink, in God's name; spare, and the devil choke you!" His favorite meal was supper; and so fond was he of potatoes, which he called the English pine-apple, that he used to eat them, like fruit, after dinner. He was also remarkable for his love of early rising, being seldom in bed after four in summer, and five in winter. His generosity and benevolence were unbounded. He gave away enormous sums in charity, and founded a hospital at Bath, the expenses of which, for a time, almost beggared him. Though he had a great respect for rank, yet he discouraged any thing like aristocratic assumption; and, whenever he heard a young lord boasting of his family, never failed to put him down with a sneer. In this respect, he resembles the late John Kemble, of whom it is recorded, that, when dining with the Dukes of Hamilton and Gordon, who were boasting somewhat ostentatiously of the antiquity of their blood, he lost all patience, and put an abrupt stop to their egotism by exclaiming, "D—n both your bloods; pass the bottle." Owing to his frequent intercourse with small poets, Nash fancied that he was a judge of the art. A volume of Pope, who was his favorite writer, generally lay on his table, though we question much whether he ever got beyond the "Rape of the Lock." This, however, was a production every way calculated to please him; and, accordingly, a rich trait of character, he was never weary of repeating the lines,

"Sir Plume, of amber *snuff-box* justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Though he had mixed so much with the world, yet Nash was a man of great simplicity of character. He imagined that others were as frank and sincere as himself; and, in his connexion with the gambling establishments at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, never kept an account, but trusted entirely to the honor of his partners. He was never married, though he once made proposals to a young lady, whose parents favored his suit, for he was then at the summit of his celebrity. She, however, declined his addresses; but, apprehensive of her father's indignation, went to Nash, and candidly told him that her affections were fixed upon another. He immediately sent for his rival; gave him the lady with his own hand; and reconciled her parents to the match by settling on her a fortune equal to that which they proposed to give her. Unfortunately, however, his generosity was thrown away; for soon after her marriage, she ran away with her footman, and her husband died of grief.

Late in life Nash set up for a teller of good stories, which he would repeat half-a-dozen times in the same day. As he seldom allowed truth to stand in the way of a point, his anecdotes were sometimes amusing, despite the "says he's" and "says I's" with which he stuffed them *usque ad nauseam*. The surest way to gain his favor, next to dedicating a work to him, was to laugh, in the right place, at his conceits, and call him an "odd fellow;" for, like the majority of mankind, he looked upon eccentricity as a sure test of genius.

The influence that Nash had on the social character of his age was greater than has been generally supposed. Men of far more exalted pretensions than he have not effected one half the good. He was the first who promoted a taste for elegant amusements, and an ease of address, among a people notorious for their anti-gregarious habits, and reserved and awkward bearing. The disposition for familiar intercourse, which—encouraged by his example—strangers acquired at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, they carried with them to the metropolis, and whatever other place they might visit; and thus the whole kingdom became gradually more refined and social in its character. When it is borne in mind that Nash laid the foundation of this wholesome change without any help from birth, fortune, connexions, or superior intellect; that, with nothing but his good humor and his address to support his claims, he reigned the undisputed monarch of the empire of fashion for upwards of half a century; though we cannot affirm that he was a great man, it is impossible to deny that he was an extraordinary one.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS,

INVOLVING A SERIOUS CHANGE IN THE WELLER FAMILY, AND THE UNTIMELY DOWNFALL OF THE RED-NOSED MR. STIGGINS.

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"Dear me, Mr. Weller," said the pretty housemaid, meeting Sam at the door.

"Dear *me* I vish it wos, my dear," replied Sam, dropping behind, to let his master get out of hearing. "Wot a sweet lookin' creetur you are, Mary!"

"Lor, Mr. Weller, what nonsense you do talk!" said Mary. "Oh! don't, Mr. Weller."

"Don't what, my dear?" said Sam.

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"And prevented what I was going to say, besides," added Mary. "There's a letter been waiting here for you four days; you hadn't been gone away half an hour when it came; and more than that, it's got immediate on the outside."

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With these words, after many pretty little coquettish doubts and fears, and wishes that she might not have lost it, Mary produced the letter from behind the nicest little muslin tucker possible, and handed it to Sam, who thereupon kissed it with much gallantry and devotion.

"My goodness me!" said Mary, adjusting the tucker, and feigning unconsciousness, "you seem to have grown very fond of it all at once."

To this Mr. Weller only replied by a wink, the intense meaning of which no description could convey the faintest idea of; and, setting himself down beside Mary on a window-seat, opened the letter and glanced at the contents.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Sam, "Wot's all this?"

"Nothing the matter, I hope?" said Mary, peeping over his shoulder.

"Bless them eyes o' yourn," said Sam, looking up.

"Never mind my eyes; you had much better read your letter," said the pretty housemaid, and as she said this, she made her eyes twinkle with such slyness and beauty that they were perfectly irresistible.

Sam refreshed himself with a kiss, and read as follows:—

"*Markis Gran By dorken Wensdy.*

"*My dear Sammle,*

"I am werry sorry to have the pleasure of bein a Bear of ill news your Mother in law cort cold consekens of imprudently setting too long on the damp grass in the rain a hearin of a shepperd who warnt able to leave off till late at night owen to his havin vound his-self up with brandy and vater and not bein able to stop hisself till he got a little sober which took a many hours to do the doctor says that if shead svallowed warm brandy and vater afterwards insted of afore she mightn't have been no vus her veels wos immedetly greased and evry think done to set her a goin as could be inwented your father had hopes as she vould have vorked round as usual but just as she wos turnin the corner my boy she took the rong road and vent down hill vith a welocity you never see and notwithstandin that the drag was put on directly by the medikel man it warnt of no use at all for she paid the last pike at 20 minutes afore 6 o'clock yesterday evenin havin done the jurney werry much under the regler time vich praps was partly owen to her haven taken in werry little luggage by the vay your father says that if you will come and see me Sammy he vill take it as a werry great faver for I am wery lonely Samivel N B he vill have it spelt that vay vich I say ant right and as there is sich a many things to settle he is sure your guvner wont object of course he vill not Sammy for I knows him better so he sends his duty in vich I join and am Samivel infernally yours TONY VELLER."

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"Perhaps he got somebody to write it for him, and signed it himself afterwards," said the pretty housemaid.

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Mr. Weller uttered these words in so serious a manner, that the pretty housemaid cast down her eyes and looked very grave.

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"I shan't be avay more than a day—or two, sir, at farthest," said Sam, when he had communicated to Mr. Pickwick the intelligence of his father's loss.

"As long as may be necessary, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, "you have my full permission to remain."

Sam bowed.

"You will tell your father, Sam, that if I can be of any assistance to him in his present situation, I shall be most willing and ready to lend him any aid in my power," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Sam. "I'll mention it, sir."

And with some expressions of mutual good-will and interest, master and man separated.

It was just seven o'clock when Samuel Weller, alighting from the box of a stage coach which passed through Dorking, stood within a few hundred yards of the Marquis of Granby. It was a cold dull evening; the little street looked dreary and dismal, and the mahogany countenance of the noble and gallant marquis seemed to wear a more sad and melancholy expression than it was wont to do, as it swung to and fro, creaking mournfully in the wind. The blinds were pulled down, and the shutters partly closed; of the knot of loungers that usually collected about the door, not one was to be seen; the place was silent and desolate.

Seeing nobody of whom he could ask any preliminary questions, Sam walked in, and glancing round, he quickly recognised his parent in the distance.

The widower was seated at a small table in the little room behind the bar, smoking a pipe, with his eyes intently fixed upon the fire. The funeral had evidently taken place that day, for attached to his hat which he still retained on his head, was a hat-band measuring about a yard and a half in length, which hung over the top rail of the chair and streamed negligently down. Mr. Weller was in a very abstracted and contemplative mood, for notwithstanding that Sam called him by name several times he still continued to smoke with the same fixed and quiet countenance, and was only roused ultimately by his son's placing the palm of his hand on his shoulder.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "you're velcome."

"I've been a callin' to you half a dozen times," said Sam, hanging his hat on a peg, "but you didn't hear me."

"No, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, again looking thoughtfully at the fire, "I wos in a referee, Sammy."

"Wot about?" inquired Sam, drawing his chair up to the fire.

"In a referee, Sammy," replied the elder Mr. Weller, "regardin' *her*, Samivel." Here Mr. Weller jerked his head in the direction of Dorking churchyard, in mute explanation that his words referred to the late Mrs. Weller.

"I wos a thinkin', Sammy," said Mr. Weller, eyeing his son with great earnestness, over his pipe, as if to assure him that however extraordinary and incredible the declaration might appear, it was nevertheless calmly and deliberately uttered, "I was a thinkin', Sammy, that upon the whole I was werry sorry she was gone."

"Vell, and so you ought to be," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller nodded his acquiescence in the sentiment, and again fastening his eyes on the fire, shrouded himself in a cloud and mused deeply.

"Those was wery sensible observations as she made, Sammy!" said Mr. Weller, driving the smoke away with his hand, after a long silence.

"Wot observations?" inquired Sam.

"Them as she made after she was took ill," replied the gentleman.

"Wot was they?"

"Somethin' to this here effect—'Veller,' she says, 'I'm afraid I've not done by you quite wot I ought to have done; you're a wery kind-hearted man, and I might ha' made your home more comfortabler. I begin to see now,' she says, 'ven it's too late, that if a married 'ooman vishes to be religious, she should begin by dischargin' her duties at home, and makin' them as is about her cheerful and happy, and that vile she goes to church or chapel, or wot not, at all proper times, she should be wery careful not to conwert this sort o' thing into an excuse for idleness, or self-indulgence, or vurse. I *have* done this,' she says, 'and I've vasted time and substance on them as has done it more than me; but I hope ven I'm gone, Veller, that you'll think on me as I was afore I know'd them people, and as I raly was by natur.' 'Susan,' says I—I was took up werry short by this, Samivel; I von't deny it, my boy—'Susan,' says I, 'you've been a wery good vife to me, altogether, don't say nothin' at all about it, keep a good heart, my dear, and you'll live to see me punch that 'ere Stiggins's head yet.' She smiled at this, Samivel," said the old gentleman, stifling a sigh with his pipe, "but she died arter all!"

"Vell," said Sam, venturing to offer a little homely consolation after the lapse of three or four minutes, consumed by the old gentleman in slowly shaking his head from side to side and solemnly smoking; "vell, gov'ner, we must all come to it, one day or another."

"So we must, Sammy," said Mr. Weller the elder.

"There's a Providence in it all," said Sam.

"In course there is," replied his father with a nod of grave approval. "Wot 'ud become of the undertakers vithout it, Sammy?"

Lost in the immense field of conjecture opened by this reflection, the elder Mr. Weller laid his pipe on the table, and stirred the fire with a meditative visage.

SHAKSPEARE—NEW FACTS.

1. NEW FACTS REGARDING THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A. London: T. Rodd.
2. NEW PARTICULARS REGARDING THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A.

How little is known of the life of Shakspeare! "That he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried," comprise nearly all, as Stevens has remarked, that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him. His life seems to have passed away like the representation of one of his dramas—splendid and honored when before the eye, but little regarded by the mass of the spectators when the curtain had dropt and the actor had vanished. There was no Boswell to note the shifting of the scenes, or treasure up those traits of individuality which lighten and vivify the whole piece, like the sun let in on some old gallery or hall, showing all the tracery and mouldings inwoven with the precious structure. We have only the hard dry outline—and we fear we shall have nothing more. The two little works before us contribute but little, yet the little they contain is worthy of preservation. Mr. Collier, it appears, has, by the favor of Lord Francis Egerton, had access to a collection of letters and papers at Bridgewater House, left by Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I. Among these, in a most unpromising heap, chiefly of legal documents, he met with a number of manuscripts relative to the stage and the corporation of London. The city authorities in the time of Shakspeare were no friends to the drama. They endeavored, by repeated applications to the Lord Chancellor, to dislodge the players from their location in Blackfriars, which the latter very naturally resisted, and their interests were supported by the Earl of Leicester and the Privy Council. Shakspeare came to London in 1586 or 1587, according to the most probable conjecture. Now, it appears that so early as November, 1589, he had made such way in his profession as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, eleven of whose names precede his in the list. This is Mr. Collier's *first fact*, and we agree with him in the opinion, that it seems to give a sufficient contradiction to the idle story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door. Had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589, as it indisputably appears he was, on the authority of the petition presented to Lord Ellesmere. Seven years after this date, Shakspeare had so far advanced, that his name is inserted *fifth* in the list of shareholders; and in 1603—other seven years later—he is named *second* in the new patent granted by King James on his accession. Thus the poet was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station. The enmity between the corporation of London and the actors at the Blackfriars seems never to have abated—it was nursed and kept warm, like our old Highland feuds, through more than one generation. The civic rulers were always threatening the players, who, in their turn, were rich, in occasional farces and interludes, on the proverbial wisdom of the Aldermen, and the immaculate fidelity of their wives! At last, the corporation seems to have endeavored to come to terms with them, with a view to buying them out; and among the papers of Lord Ellesmere is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the Blackfriars Company in 1608, and, among the rest, of Shakspeare himself. The theatre was divided into twenty shares, of which the poet held four. The shares were valued at £33 6s. 8d. each, one year with another, and, at seven years' purchase, the four were

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Mr. Nash," quoth the leech.

"Follow it!" exclaimed the other, "Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I flung it out of my bedroom window." We are not without our suspicions that this last witticism is a regular Joe Miller, for we have detected it in at least a dozen different publications. But this is not to be wondered at, for your good joke is the greatest of travellers. The "facetiæ" of the old Greek wag, Hierocles, have been naturalised in every language of Europe.

Though convivial in his youth, yet, for the greatest portion of his life, Nash was rigidly abstemious in his habits. He loved plain dishes, seldom remained long at table, and usually contented himself with two glasses of wine. But he liked to see his friends enjoy themselves, and would encourage them in these elegant and emphatic terms: "Eat, gentlemen,—eat and drink, in God's name; spare, and the devil choke you!" His favorite meal was supper; and so fond was he of potatoes, which he called the English pine-apple, that he used to eat them, like fruit, after dinner. He was also remarkable for his love of early rising, being seldom in bed after four in summer, and five in winter. His generosity and benevolence were unbounded. He gave away enormous sums in charity, and founded a hospital at Bath, the expenses of which, for a time, almost beggared him. Though he had a great respect for rank, yet he discouraged any thing like aristocratic assumption; and, whenever he heard a young lord boasting of his family, never failed to put him down with a sneer. In this respect, he resembles the late John Kemble, of whom it is recorded, that, when dining with the Dukes of Hamilton and Gordon, who were boasting somewhat ostentatiously of the antiquity of their blood, he lost all patience, and put an abrupt stop to their egotism by exclaiming, "D—n both your bloods; pass the bottle." Owing to his frequent intercourse with small poets, Nash fancied that he was a judge of the art. A volume of Pope, who was his favorite writer, generally lay on his table, though we question much whether he ever got beyond the "Rape of the Lock." This, however, was a production every way calculated to please him; and, accordingly, a rich trait of character, he was never weary of repeating the lines,

"Sir Plume, of amber *snuff-box* justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Though he had mixed so much with the world, yet Nash was a man of great simplicity of character. He imagined that others were as frank and sincere as himself; and, in his connexion with the gambling establishments at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, never kept an account, but trusted entirely to the honor of his partners. He was never married, though he once made proposals to a young lady, whose parents favored his suit, for he was then at the summit of his celebrity. She, however, declined his addresses; but, apprehensive of her father's indignation, went to Nash, and candidly told him that her affections were fixed upon another. He immediately sent for his rival; gave him the lady with his own hand; and reconciled her parents to the match by settling on her a fortune equal to that which they proposed to give her. Unfortunately, however, his generosity was thrown away; for soon after her marriage, she ran away with her footman, and her husband died of grief.

Late in life Nash set up for a teller of good stories, which he would repeat half-a-dozen times in the same day. As he seldom allowed truth to stand in the way of a point, his anecdotes were sometimes amusing, despite the "says he's" and "says I's" with which he stuffed them *usque ad nauseam*. The surest way to gain his favor, next to dedicating a work to him, was to laugh, in the right place, at his conceits, and call him an "odd fellow;" for, like the majority of mankind, he looked upon eccentricity as a sure test of genius.

The influence that Nash had on the social character of his age was greater than has been generally supposed. Men of far more exalted pretensions than he have not effected one half the good. He was the first who promoted a taste for elegant amusements, and an ease of address, among a people notorious for their anti-gregarious habits, and reserved and awkward bearing. The disposition for familiar intercourse, which—encouraged by his example—strangers acquired at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, they carried with them to the metropolis, and whatever other place they might visit; and thus the whole kingdom became gradually more refined and social in its character. When it is borne in mind that Nash laid the foundation of this wholesome change without any help from birth, fortune, connexions, or superior intellect; that, with nothing but his good humor and his address to support his claims, he reigned the undisputed monarch of the empire of fashion for upwards of half a century; though we cannot affirm that he was a great man, it is impossible to deny that he was an extraordinary one.

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"You're always away," said Mary, giving her head the slightest possible toss in the air. "You no sooner come, Mr. Weller, than you go again."

Mr. Weller drew the household beauty closer to him, and entered upon a whispering conversation, which had not proceeded far when she turned her face round and condescended to look at him again. When they parted it was somehow or other indispensably necessary for her to go to her room, and arrange the cap and curls before she could think of presenting herself to her mistress; which preparatory ceremony she went off to perform, bestowing many nods and smiles on Sam over the bannisters as she tripped up stairs.

"I shan't be avay more than a day—or two, sir, at farthest," said Sam, when he had communicated to Mr. Pickwick the intelligence of his father's loss.

"As long as may be necessary, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, "you have my full permission to remain."

Sam bowed.

"You will tell your father, Sam, that if I can be of any assistance to him in his present situation, I shall be most willing and ready to lend him any aid in my power," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Sam. "I'll mention it, sir."

And with some expressions of mutual good-will and interest, master and man separated.

It was just seven o'clock when Samuel Weller, alighting from the box of a stage coach which passed through Dorking, stood within a few hundred yards of the Marquis of Granby. It was a cold dull evening; the little street looked dreary and dismal, and the mahogany countenance of the noble and gallant marquis seemed to wear a more sad and melancholy expression than it was wont to do, as it swung to and fro, creaking mournfully in the wind. The blinds were pulled down, and the shutters partly closed; of the knot of loungers that usually collected about the door, not one was to be seen; the place was silent and desolate.

Seeing nobody of whom he could ask any preliminary questions, Sam walked in, and glancing round, he quickly recognised his parent in the distance.

The widower was seated at a small table in the little room behind the bar, smoking a pipe, with his eyes intently fixed upon the fire. The funeral had evidently taken place that day, for attached to his hat which he still retained on his head, was a hat-band measuring about a yard and a half in length, which hung over the top rail of the chair and streamed negligently down. Mr. Weller was in a very abstracted and contemplative mood, for notwithstanding that Sam called him by name several times he still continued to smoke with the same fixed and quiet countenance, and was only roused ultimately by his son's placing the palm of his hand on his shoulder.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "you're velcome."

"I've been a callin' to you half a dozen times," said Sam, hanging his hat on a peg, "but you didn't hear me."

"No, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, again looking thoughtfully at the fire, "I wos in a referee, Sammy."

"Wot about?" inquired Sam, drawing his chair up to the fire.

"In a referee, Sammy," replied the elder Mr. Weller, "regardin' *her*, Samivel." Here Mr. Weller jerked his head in the direction of Dorking churchyard, in mute explanation that his words referred to the late Mrs. Weller.

"I wos a thinkin', Sammy," said Mr. Weller, eyeing his son with great earnestness, over his pipe, as if to assure him that, however extraordinary and incredible the declaration might appear, it was nevertheless calmly and deliberately uttered, "I was a thinkin', Sammy, that upon the whole I was werry sorry she was gone."

"Vell, and so you ought to be," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller nodded his acquiescence in the sentiment, and again fastening his eyes on the fire, shrouded himself in a cloud and mused deeply.

"Those was wery sensible observations as she made, Sammy!" said Mr. Weller, driving the smoke away with his hand, after a long silence.

"Wot observations?" inquired Sam.

"Them as she made after she was took ill," replied the gentleman.

"Wot was they?"

"Somethin' to this here effect—'Veller,' she says, 'I'm afraid I've not done by you quite wot I ought to have done; you're a wery kind-hearted man, and I might ha' made your home more comfortabler. I begin to see now,' she says, 'ven it's too late, that if a married 'ooman vishes to be religious, she should begin by dischargin' her duties at home, and makin' them as is about her cheerful and happy, and that vile she goes to church or chapel, or wot not, at all proper times, she should be wery careful not to conwert this sort o' thing into an excuse for idleness, or self-indulgence, or vurse. I *have* done this,' she says, 'and I've vasted time and substance on them as has done it more than me; but I hope ven I'm gone, Veller, that you'll think on me as I was afore I know'd them people, and as I raly was by natur.' 'Susan,' says I—I was took up werry short by this, Samivel; I von't deny it, my boy—'Susan,' says I, 'you've been a wery good vife to me, altogether, don't say nothin' at all about it, keep a good heart, my dear, and you'll live to see me punch that 'ere Stiggins's head yet.' She smiled at this, Samivel," said the old gentleman, stifling a sigh with his pipe, "but she died arter all!"

"Vell," said Sam, venturing to offer a little homely consolation after the lapse of three or four minutes, consumed by the old gentleman in slowly shaking his head from side to side and solemnly smoking; "vell, gov'ner, we must all come to it, one day or another."

"So we must, Sammy," said Mr. Weller the elder.

"There's a Providence in it all," said Sam.

"In course there is," replied his father with a nod of grave approval. "Wot 'ud become of the undertakers vithout it, Sammy?"

Lost in the immense field of conjecture opened by this reflection, the elder Mr. Weller laid his pipe on the table, and stirred the fire with a meditative visage.

SHAKSPEARE—NEW FACTS.

1. NEW FACTS REGARDING THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A. London: T. Rodd.
2. NEW PARTICULARS REGARDING THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A.

How little is known of the life of Shakspeare! "That he was born at Stratford-upon Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried," comprise nearly all, as Stevens has remarked, that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him. His life seems to have passed away like the representation of one of his dramas—splendid and honored when before the eye, but little regarded by the mass of the spectators when the curtain had dropt and the actor had vanished. There was no Boswell to note the shifting of the scenes, or treasure up those traits of individuality which lighten and vivify the whole piece, like the sun let in on some old gallery or hall, showing all the tracery and mouldings inwoven with the precious structure. We have only the hard dry outline—and we fear we shall have nothing more. The two little works before us contribute but little, yet the little they contain is worthy of preservation. Mr. Collier, it appears, has, by the favor of Lord Francis Egerton, had access to a collection of letters and papers at Bridgewater House, left by Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I. Among these, in a most unpromising heap, chiefly of legal documents, he met with a number of manuscripts relative to the stage and and the corporation of London. The city authorities in the time of Shakspeare were no friends to the drama. They endeavored, by repeated applications to the Lord Chancellor, to dislodge the players from their location in Blackfriars, which the latter very naturally resisted, and their interests were supported by the Earl of Leicester and the Privy Council. Shakspeare came to London in 1586 or 1587, according to the most probable conjecture. Now, it appears that so early as November, 1589, he had made such way in his profession as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, eleven of whose names precede his in the list. This is Mr. Collier's *first fact*, and we agree with him in the opinion, that it seems to give a sufficient contradiction to the idle story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door. Had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589, as it indisputably appears he was, on the authority of the petition presented to Lord Ellesmere. Seven years after this date, Shakspeare had so far advanced, that his name is inserted *fifth* in the list of shareholders; and in 1603—other seven years later—he is named *second* in the new patent granted by King James on his accession. Thus the poet was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station. The enmity between the corporation of London and the actors at the Blackfriars seems never to have abated—it was nursed and kept warm, like our old Highland feuds, through more than one generation. The civic rulers were always threatening the players, who, in their turn, were rich, in occasional farces and interludes, on the proverbial wisdom of the Aldermen, and the immaculate fidelity of their wives! At last, the corporation seems to have endeavored to come to terms with them, with a view to buying them out; and among the papers of Lord Ellesmere is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the Blackfriars Company in 1608, and, among the rest, of Shakspeare himself. The theatre was divided into twenty shares, of which the poet held four. The shares were valued at £33 6s. 8d. each, one year with another, and, at seven years' purchase, the four were worth £933 6s. 8d. Besides this, Shakspeare was owner of the wardrobe and properties—which are thus set down in the paper:—

"Item—W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and propertyes of the same playhouse £500, and for his 4 shares the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz., £933 6s. 8d.—total, £1,433 6s. 8d."

The players had another and a larger theatre, the Globe, which was a summer house, open to the air, where performances took place during the day. "At the lowest computation, therefore," says Mr. Collier, "I should be inclined to put Shakspeare's yearly income at 300*l*., or not far short of 1500*l*. of our present money." Remember, also, Mr. Collier, what he must have received in the capacity of author, for his plays, which were highly popular. With such splendid emoluments, and with the large sum that he must have obtained for his property and interest in the theatres, previous to his final retirement from London, no wonder that the bard was enabled to return to his native town, one of its wealthiest and most honored sons. Alas, that he should have enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* only a few short years, dying "ere his time" at the age of fifty-three. Well and beautifully does Washington Irving exclaim—

"How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon the world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lengthening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!"

Mr. Collier is justly proud of the above discovery, considering how scanty has hitherto been all our information regarding the pecuniary circumstances of our great poet. But he has another "very interesting document," which he found tied up in the same bundle. This is the copy of a letter signed H. S. and addressed, as we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the players at Blackfriars, when assailed by the corporation of London. The initials H. S. our author takes to be those of Henry Southampton, the young nobleman who was the patron of Shakspeare. This, however, is mere conjecture. The letter characterises Burbidge as "a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably," a celebrated expression from Hamlet, which contains in one short sentence the whole art and mystery of dramatic representation, and which was peculiarly applicable to Burbidge, as a distinguished performer and the first representative of the character of Hamlet. Of Shakspeare the notice is as follows:—

"The other is a man no whitt less deserving favor, and my especial friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queene Elizabeth, when the companie was called upon to performe before her Majestie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. This other hath to name, William Shakspeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne; both are right famous in their qualityes, though it longeth not to your Lordship's gravitie and wisedome to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and sute nowe is not to bee molested in their waye of life, whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputatione) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellowes."

The expression "till of late an actor of good account," is important; it shows that Shakspeare had recently withdrawn from the boards, and that whilst there he was but moderately successful as a performer, which agrees with all our previous information on the subject.

The second publication of Mr. Collier is less important than the first. It relates to the time at which some of Shakspeare's dramas were produced; the Winter's Tale, Cymbeline, Macbeth, and Othello, were among his late productions. It appears, also, that it was customary to act Shylock in a red beard and wig—no doubt to render him more odious to the audience; the Falstaff was habited in a robe of russett, moustaches, buskins, "with a great belly like a swollen man;" his head bald, and sometimes covered with a small grey Venetian cap; and that Burbidge, when personating the character of Othello, after stabbing himself at the conclusion, threw himself on the bed of Desdemona, and did not tumble down upon the floor at a distance, as our modern actors represent it. Burbidge was a short stout man, which perhaps explains an allusion to the person of Hamlet, in the play. In the scene of the fencing match, the Queen says of the Prince—"He's fat and scant of breath"—a circumstance not very characteristic of the philosophical Hamlet, but which would be understood and relished at the time by the London audience. Dick Burbidge was the Garrick or Kemble of his day. He was the representative of all Shakspeare's and Ben Johnson's heroes—he is styled by the poetasters of that age "an actor without peer," and in a doggerel ballad written after his death, it is said or sung—

"Shakspeare was fortunate, I trow,
That such an actor had,
If we had but his equal now,
For one I should be glad!"

This, as Hotspur says, is but "skimble-skamble stuff," and we have dallied too long with the subject. Mr. Collier promises some more antiquarian notices of Shakspeare's plays, and we shall be happy to meet him again. Though his facts, compared with his commentary, are somewhat in the proportion of Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread to his gallons of sack, we are too zealous Shakspearians to quarrel with him on that score—he will never be forgiven if he omits one word that in the remotest degree tends to illustrate, or is connected with Shakspeare. On such a theme let him say to the public, in the words of his old acquaintance Dogberry—"If I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worships!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

On sale at Downing Street, with Autographs of the following personages:—

Bamfylde Moore Carew, the King of the Beggars—(with *designs*)—O'Connell.
State *Trials* (*gilt*) and Lamb's works—Lord Melbourne.
The Bowlsman (*extra bound*)—Lord J. Russell.
Tales of the *Castle*—Lord Mulgrave.
The Polite Letter Writer (*Diamond* edition)—Secretary Drummond.
Analysis of Beauty—Lord Palmerston.
Sterne's Letters on Opinions (in *Russia*)—Lord Durham.
Walker's Assistant—Lord Holland.
Remarks on Military Flogging (*new* edition)—Sir John Cam Hobhouse.
Another copy (*uniform* with the above, many *cuts*)—General Evans.
The Idler—Lord Glenelg.
The Spectator (*old* copy)—Right Hon. J. Abercrombie.
The Little Songster (*Cambridge* edition)—Spring Rice.
The Gardener's companion—Lord Worsley.
Account of the Ionian Islands (*calf* extra)—Lord Nugent.
The Golden Ass—Mr. Leader.
Rejected Addresses—Colonel Thompson.
The British *Flora*,*—Mr. Gully.
Burns—Mr. Wakley.
The Art of *Drawing*—Mr. T. Duncombe.
Guide to *Bruges*, &c. (Bath post)—Mr. Roebuck.
The Borough (*title stained*)—Lord Churchill.
Bridgewater Treatises—Mr. Sheridan.
The Farce of Lock and Key (not as represented)—Sir T. Lethbridge.
Thoughts on Madhouses—Sir S. Whalley.
Monkeyana—Mr. Sheil.
Greek Translations (*Wood* cuts)—Mr. Hume.
Ireland's Confessions (an *odd* volume)—Serjeant Woulfe.
Thoughts on the Currency (many *notes*)—Mr. T. Attwood.
Charity Sermons (no *plates*)—Mr. Silk Buckingham.

* Query—*Flower*.—Printer's d—l. [London Morning Herald.]

Advantages of being ruined.—To be ruined sounds very terribly; but in truth, like death, its pain is most in apprehension. It is positively nothing when you are used to it; on the contrary, it brings with it peculiar advantages. The man who is once completely ruined, is freed from all anxiety concerning the future. He is, in fact, the only independent man. He may proceed carelessly along; Fortune has no arrow in her quiver for him. He may sing before the robber, and rub his skirts against a pickpocket without compunction. The inside or the outside of a prison are all one to him. He may eat and drink merrily (when he can) without the damping anticipation of the bill. If the nation were over head and ears in debt, he need not care a button. If every State in the Union became insolvent, and every Bank stopped payment, he would be no loser. Shinplasterless, he is richer than Astor with his care-earned millions; powerless, he is happier than the despot enthroned upon the liberties of his country. Such is the man of ruined fortunes.

He whose constitution is ruined, is equally well off. He pays nothing to doctors; he is placed beyond the efficacy and expense of medicine; he may indulge himself in excess of every kind with impunity—for he cannot be worse than he is. He may swallow without fear, fish, fowl and flesh, for there is no hope. He may drink, if he will, the wide ocean.

Lastly, the man whose reputation is demolished, may indulge in the utmost latitude of speech, for nothing that he says can injure himself or others. He cannot be blacker than he is, and his breath is too light to sully the fair character of another. Here is negative virtue in perfection—to do no harm to his neighbor or yourself. But the man of no repute can do more than this; he can be actively virtuous, for his evil word will be serviceable to others.

I conclude, then, that to be ruined in fortune is good; but to be ruined in all three, is the summit of human happiness.

CLASSIFICATION OF LAUGHERS.

There are fifty different classes of laughers. There is your smooth-faced politic laugher—your laugher by rule. These beings are generally found within the precincts of the court, at the heels of some great man, to whose conduct they shape their passions as a model. Does his Lordship say a *bon mot*, it is caught up and grinned at in every possible manner, till the powers of grimace expended, his Lordship is pleased to change the subject, and strike a different chord. And it is not astonishing. Who would refuse to laugh for a pension of two hundred a year? Common gratitude demands it. There is, then, your habitual laugher—men who laugh by habit, without rhyme or reason. They are generally stout, piggy-faced gentlemen, who eat hearty suppers, and patronise free-and-easys. They will meet you with a grin on their countenance, which, before you have said three words, will resolve itself into a simper, and terminate finally in a stentorian laugh. These men may truly be said to go through life laughing; but habit has blunted the finer edge of their sympathies, and their mirth is but the unmeaning effusion of a weak spirit. These personages generally go off in fits of apoplexy, brought on by excessive laughter on a full stomach. There is, then, your discontented cynical laugher, who makes a mask of mirth to conceal the venom of his mind. It is a dead fraud that ought not to be pardoned. Speak to one of these men of happiness, virtue, &c., he meets you with a sneer or bottle-imp kind of chuckle; talk to him of any felicitous circumstance, he checks you with a sardonic grin, that freezes your best intentions. He is a type of the death's head the Egyptians placed at their feasts to check exuberant gaiety. There is, then, your fashionable simperer, your laugher *a la mode*, your inward digester of small jokes and tittle-tattle. He never laughs—it is a vulgar habit; the only wonder is that he eats. People, he will tell you, should overcome these vulgar propensities: they are abominable. A young man of this class is generally consumptive, his lungs have no play, he is always weak and narrow-chested; he vegetates till fifty, and goes off overcome with a puff of *eau de rose* or *millefleur*, he has encountered accidentally from the pocket-handkerchief of a cheesemonger's wife! Last of all, here is your real, good, honest laugher—the man who has a heart to feel and sympathise with the joys and sorrows of others; who has gone through life superior to its follies, and has learnt to gather wisdom even from laughter. Such are the men who do honor to society, who have learnt to be temperate in prosperity, patient in adversity; and who, having gathered experience from years, are content to drink the cup of life mingled as it is, to enjoy calmly the sweeter portion, and laugh at the bitter. Bentley's Miscellany.

THE WAGGERIES OF THE LORD MAYOR.

"It needeth but a wag to set the table in a roar."—VIRGINIUS.

It is related by a recent writer, that a bagman one night, on his retiring "to repose his weary limbs," was rather startled at hearing an old chair in the bedroom speak—yes, actually speak! Now if that antiquated piece of furniture in the Mansion House were gifted with the same power of speech, what a "tale it would unfold." It would take an immense time for it to relate all the good things uttered by the occupants of that venerable machine. Judging from so many instances, it actually seems impossible for a Lord Mayor to exist without giving vent to drolleries of every description. We are led to make these remarks by noticing the racy humor displayed upon every occasion by the present Chief Magistrate when he has an opportunity to make any observation—although, by the way, it bespeaks a good quality in a *Mare* being *racy*. In the meantime, we will do what the daily journals *profess* to do, viz., report the good things uttered by the pride of England's first city.

A senior Alderman the other day entered the Mansion House at the same time as the Lady of the Stirling Castle was leaving. "What case was that?" enquired Alderman —— of the Lord Mayor. "The case of *Anna Fra-ser*," (an affray, Sir,) answered Kelly, at the same time chuckling at his own importance, in knowing the christian name of that lady.

"Holloa! what does this mean?" ejaculated the great functionary, while casting an imploring look upon Hobler; "it says *here*," continued the great K., throwing down the *Times*, "'a glass coach to be let.' Now, how is it possible for a coach made of glass to convey anybody along the streets of London?" Hobler explained.

No sooner had his Highness cast his eye again upon the sheet of the *Thunderer*, than he exclaimed—"What on earth can printers be thinking of? for here it is stated that such a number of vessels 'were spoken with!' Ha, ha! A *vessel speak* to another—that seems very probable!" Hobler was sent to Printing-house-square to ascertain the meaning; at the time our despatch left the City he had not returned.

The evening on which the accident occurred to the Diamond Steam Company his Civic Majesty was enjoying a quiet rubber, when some one asked "what were trumps?" "A *diamond is cut*," was the sharp reply of Lord Kelly.

"I think I have an *amusing* one for you now," said Royalty, addressing Hob. "What mountains do the muses remind you of when they are in a mirthful mood?" Hob could not think of the *mews* where he puts the mule that he hires occasionally from Blackheath. "The *happy-nine*, thou stupid dolt," thundered the Civic Monarch, as he threw the City mace at the cranium of his poor clerk. London Age.

SLICK'S APOLOGY FOR GOOD LIVING.

Well, when tea came, she said the same thing, it's too exciting, give me some water, do, that's follerin' the law of natur.

Well, says I, if that's the case, you ought to eat beef.

Why, says she, how do you make out that are proposition?

Why, says I, if drinking water instead of tea, is natur, so is eaten grass according to natur; now all flesh is grass, we are told, so you had better eat that and call it vegetable; like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had none, whipped a leg o' mutton into the oven, and took it out fish; says he, it's "changed plaice," that's all, and "plaice" aint a bad fish. The Catholics fast enough, gracious knows, but then they fast on a great rousing big splendid salmon at two dollars and forty cents a pound, and lots of old Madeira to make it float light on the stomach; there's some sense in mortifying the appetite arter that fashion, but plaguy little in your way. No, says I, friend, you may talk about natur as you please, I've studied natur all my life, and I vow if your natur could speak out, it would tell you it don't half like to be starved arter that plan. If you know'd as much about the marks of the mouth as I do, you'd know that you have carniverous as well as graniverous teeth, and that natur meant by that you should eat most anything that are door-keeper, your nose, would give a ticket to, to pass into your mouth. Father rode a race at New York course, when he was near hand to seventy, and that's more nor you'll do, I guess, but he eats as hearty as a turkey cock, and he never confined himself to water neither, when he could get anything convened him better. Says he, Sam, grandfather Slick used to say there was an old proverb in Yorkshire, "a full belly makes a strong back," and I guess if you try it, natur will tell you so too. If ever you go to Connecticut, just call into father's and he'll give you a right down genuine New England breakfast, and if that don't happify your heart, then my name's not Sam Slick. It will make you feel about among the stiffest, I tell you. It will blow your jacket out like a pig at sea. You'll have to shake a reef or two out of your waistbands, and make good stowage, I guess, to carry it all under hatches. There's nothing like a good pastur to cover the ribs, and make the hide shine, depend on't.

THE ROYAL STUD.—"Put on your bonnet and come along with me, mother," said her Majesty to the Duchess of Kent; "they make such a fuss about my selling the royal stud, that we will go into the stable and have a look at it." Her Majesty and her mother consequently entered the stable, where they found a regular Sam Weller in charge of the stud. "What horse is that?" inquired Victoria.

"We calls him Lyndhurst," said the groom, "for he's such a regular devil for going from side to side." The Queen condescended to smile.

"But," asked her Majesty, "what is that creature that will not rise?"

"We calls that great black beast Phillpott," said the man, "for come in ven you will it's always a *lying*, just as you sees it now." Her Majesty was a little bit astonished at these home truths.

"But what is the name of that poor animal?" inquired her Majesty, pointing to a horse *sadly* out of condition.

"That's Londonderry," replied the man, "and a most capital name it is for the poor creature. Come up, Londonderry. Come over, you warment. We calls him Londonderry because he's so precious *weak* in the *understanding*."

"Oh, fie," said the Queen, "I mustn't hear that. Take care, mother, that other creature will kick you."

"Don't mind him, your old ladyship," said the groom; "that poor beast is quite harmless. It's particular vicious, but too old to hurt any one. We name him Wynford." The Queen and her mother began to think the groom almost one too many for them, but Victoria, with her usual quickness, resolved on saying something brilliant before she left the stable.

"What are those thin animals at the other end?" inquired she in a tone of surpassing sweetness.

"Them thin ones is thorough-bred ma'am," replied the stable man, civilly.

"Oh, thorough *bread*, are they?—I think thorough *bone* would be more appropriate. Come along, mother." And the Queen tripped out, followed by the Duchess of Kent, leaving the groom in an hysteric of laughter at the royal pleasantry. Figaro.

"Jack," said a gay young fellow to his companion, "what possibly can induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene."—"Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you; but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of *snuffers*."

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.—A celebrated Judge had a stingy wife; on a recent occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased my dear," said his Lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1837.

THE MAILS.

After an intermission of several months, complaints are crowding in upon us of irregularity in the receipt of our paper. We had supposed that our system was so complete that neither we nor our subscribers should again be much annoyed on this score. But some piece of the machinery must be again out of fix—some "*screw loose*" The complaints this time come from Virginia and Maryland. We have directed our attention to the subject very particularly, and though we are unable to find that there has been any neglect of duty in our own office, yet have we taken such measures, that should our paper of this week fail to reach any subscriber, he should turn his face towards Washington and lay his complaints at the feet of AMOS KENDALL; we certainly can do nothing more to secure the regular transmission of our paper.

All our subscribers should bear in mind that while the races are coming off in our immediate vicinity, the publication of the Spirit of the Times is delayed *twelve* or *twenty-four* hours, as the case may be, for the purpose of obtaining the result of the last, or *four mile* race. This delay is sure to make a delay of one full day, *in all cases*, and frequently of two days, in sending off the paper by the mails, the arrangement at the Post Office on Sunday being such that we cannot avoid this inconvenience. But these two days should be a limit if the mails go regularly.

Our subscribers at the far South occasionally complain that they receive their papers two or three at a time, and never, or almost never, a single paper. This complaint is to be laid entirely to Mr. Kendall. It never can occur from the arrangements of our office. But we have so long suffered, and severely too, from the shocking state of the mail in the remote Southern States, that we have become somewhat reconciled to it. It enters into all our calculations that we must lose a certain number of subscribers every year, and that not a small one, on this account. Could some of the funds now expended upon the Express Mail be devoted to getting on *surely*, even if *slowly*, the newspaper mail, it would "put money in *our* purse," and we think the public would hardly be the loser. Or a still more liberal project would suit our taste, and that is that Mr. Kendall should abate somewhat from his pride of independence—his boasts that he needs no legislation on the part of Congress to manage his department; that he should see that the mail, both for letters and newspapers, be transmitted with certainty and speed; and then if the revenue of the Post Office should fall short, call on Congress to supply the deficit; we would not object even to a sharp advance upon the rates of newspaper postage.

One word more to our subscribers themselves, and we will leave the mails in peace. If possible, go to the Post Office yourselves, each one of you; it has a surprising effect upon the activity of a country Post Master, to see a man look after his papers and letters himself; and a tasteful clerk who should be found deep in the study of the Long Island Races, or the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, in a corner of his Post Office, would be far more likely to fold up rapidly the Spirit of the Times, and return it to the envelope whence he slyly drew it, if it were called for by an eager turfman himself, with a stout riding whip in his hand, than if Cæsar or Pompey were to make application for it.

P.S. We have some extra numbers of the paper for the last six weeks on hand, and shall be happy to supply gentlemen with any numbers they may be lacking for their files.

The Philadelphia papers do not notice the sport going on in their vicinity over the Hunting Park Course; whence we argue that it is none of the best. May we prove false prophets on this point, and will some good friend send us a full report of the fun for our next paper?

Our special correspondent in the South-west writes us that the Mobile races, which were to have commenced on the 17th inst., are to be postponed till after those at New Orleans. There was another rumor rife in North Alabama on the 15th inst., that Capt. Oliver will also have these last races postponed to the 1st of January next, instead of coming off in the early part of December. The New Orleans papers do not notice this rumor, and it would disappoint such numbers of turfmen that we can scarcely credit it.

We have unpleasant accounts of an encounter between Mr. O. Claiborne and Gen. Foot, at Columbus, Miss.; the former was wounded, but not seriously, as we are most pleased to learn.

Jerry, by Pacolet, dam by Top-Gallant, has been sold by the stockholders to Col. Isaac Lane, of Tuscumbia, Ala. Price $1050.

We have no report of the races over the Sulphur Course, St. Louis, Mo., which commenced on the 17th Oct. Will some friend there please forward one, or at least those Nos. of the daily papers containing one? We have lost our files of the *Republican*, which we learn contained full details of the running.

Mr. Munson Black's horse Sir Kirkland was awarded the premium at the Hamilton (Ohio) Agricultural Fair, and also at Eaton, Ohio. His colts also took premiums at both places.

Taylor's old mare *Miss Chance* is with foal by Priam. If Clifton got a *Tychycus*, and Bottetourt Whip a *Switch*, what sort of cattle should the get of Chateau Margaux and Priam be out of the same mare?

John Blevins, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., has sold to John C. Beasley, Esq., one half of his ch. f. *Glance*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose, the dam of Bascombe, 4 yrs. old—price $2500. She won the 4 mile day at the last Fall meeting of the Greensboro' (Ala.) Club in one heat, distancing the field. We are assured that she is a clipper, *and no mistake*. Beasley swears he will win with her the great 4 mile purse at New Orleans.

That lively little paper, "The New Orleans Picayune," has the following just and sensible remarks on racing, in which the importance, in a national point of view, of improving the breed of the blood horse, is properly considered. The near approach of the New Orleans races invests the article with additional interest:—

"Racing has long since been placed in a high rank by the patronage of respectable and honorable men. It forms one of the chief sports of society. The true value and power of the horse was never known until he was introduced upon the Race Course, where competition animated him with a spirit that has subsequently exalted the species, and rendered him an animal fit for our admiration and encouragement. It was for many years a reproach to the character of wealthy Louisiana, that she had done nothing toward improving the breed of horses. Until last Spring, the liberality of her citizens was sneered at, and it was even thought the effort to establish a course for New Orleans would prove a failure.

"The coming races over the Eclipse Course will form a bright page in the annals of the turf in Louisiana. Col. Oliver, to whose exertions and character we are mainly indebted for the Eclipse Course at Carrollton, is now at Memphis, and will be here in a few days with a splendid stud of horses, and twenty or thirty riders, all of them of the best Virginia stock. Among his new horses are some which rank high at the North.

"The enterprise of Col. Oliver should be remembered. A more free-hearted, gentlemanly man exists not in the country. He has done much to exalt the character of the turf in our State, and from the generous character of its citizens we feel confident in asserting, that his exertions will not pass unrequited.

"In addition to Col. Oliver's, we learn that Col. Wynn, of Virginia, is on his way hither with a fine stable. Also Mr. Thompson, and several others. Success to them all. The purses of the New Orleans Jockey Club offer inducements to the owners of horses not met with elsewhere. This fact, combined with the indefatigable zeal of the proprietor, will give a tone to our coming races, and place us in the foremost rank as patronisers and lovers of the noblest and the most exciting sport of the present day."

The following letter from Capt. Oliver appears in the N. O. True American of the 9th inst.:—

"Steamboat Empress, 50 miles above Memphis, Oct. 2, 1837.

"DEAR SIR,—Thinking there may be inquiries making about the races to take place in the first week of December, I write to say I am thus far on my way, horses and all well. There are many fine horses on the way; and if the fever ceases, we shall have more and better horses and races than ever were seen in the South. I expect to be with you in eight or ten days. Please desire —— to have the track ran over with a harrow and make it soft on the top, so that my horses may gallop over it as soon as they arrive. With best respects to all friends,

"Yours truly, Y. T. OLIVER."

TRENTON (N. J.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Eagle Course*, commenced on Wednesday, 15th inst. The time of all the races, it will be observed, was indifferent—the severe rain and snow of the previous Tuesday made the course heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15, 1837—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Samuel Laird's gr. f. *Patience*, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 4:05—4:07. Track heavy.

Patience was the favorite 4 to 1 before starting, though Bergen took the lead in each heat, and won them both with ease.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16—Purse $400, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, 4 yrs..... 1 1
James B. Kendall's b. m. *Camsidell*, by Industry, out of Arethusa by Sir Hal, 6 yrs..... 3 2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancy by Alfred, 5 y 2 dr

Time, 6:14—6:47. Track heavy.

Camsidell was the favorite 100 to 70. Middlesex took the lead, Henry Moore 2d, and Camsidell last. On the third mile Henry Moore went up to Middlesex, passed him, and won the heat. In the 2d heat Camsidell took the lead for two miles and a half, when Henry Moore made a run and passed her, coming in about a length a-head.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Samuel Laird's c. f. *Betsey Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel (Henry Archy's dam) by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, dam by Revenge, 5 yrs..... 3 2
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. m. *Moss Rose*, by Lance, dam by Hickory, aged..... 2 3
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. *Mary Grenville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... dist.
James Irvine's gr. c. *George*, by Bela Richards, dam by Arab, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 1:56—1:59. Track heavy.

Betsey Andrew was the favorite against the field. In the first heat they all got off well together, Moss Rose taking the lead, closely followed by Shepherdess and Betsey Andrew, the other two out of their distance. On the last quarter, Betsey made play for the heat, and won it by about a neck. In the 2d heat Betsey Andrew took the lead and kept it throughout.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17—Citizens' Purse $800, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Col. James M. Selden's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson by Ratray, 4 yrs..... 2 2
C. S. Loyd's (Joseph H. Van Mater's) gr. c. *Champagne*, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 years..... 3 3

Time, 8:22 each heat.

Atalanta was the favorite at 100 to 70. At the start Champagne took the lead, Atalanta 2d, and Lady Clifden in the rear. In this manner they ran for about three miles and a half, when Atalanta went up and passed Champagne. Clifden then collared Atalanta, when a smart burst on the part of the Lady brought her about half a length a-head, until, coming in on the straight side, Atalanta regained her ground, and won the heat by about two lengths. The running in the 2d heat was about the same as the first.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before; Mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, dam by Revenge, 5 yrs..... 2 3 1 1
J. H. Helling's s. c. *Carroll*, by Sir Charles, out of Charles Kemble's dam, 4 yrs 4 0 2 2
D. Tom's s. h. *Emmet*, by Sir Charles, dam by Handel, 4 yrs..... 5 5 3 dis
J. McCann's b. c. *Paul Clifford*, pedigree and age omitted..... 6 4 4 dis
James B. Kendall's gr. f. *Mohnera*, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 4 yrs. 3 6 5 dis
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey by Alfred, 5 yrs..... 1 0 dr
James Irvine's ch. h. *Jesse Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs.. 7 7 dis
E. Henderson's b. f. *Lady Humphries*, pedigree and age omitted..... dis

Time, 1:54—1:56—2:01—2:06.

NORTH ALABAMA FALL RACES,

Over the *Huntsville Course*, commenced on Monday, 30th Oct. The following report is furnished by our special correspondent:—

Officers of the Club.—JAMES W. CAMP, Esq., President. Judges—Col. J. Rice, Maj. Jas. Bradley, and Jas. W. Camp, Esq. Timers—Dr. Erkskine and Thos. E. Leefe, Esq. Secretary—John Kunble, Esq. Distance Judges—J. K. Hacklin and W. H. Gee, Esqrs. Patrole Judges—Henry Stokes, David Bradford, and W. T. Caruthers, Esqrs. Stewards—Thos. Fitch and John P. Hawkins, Esqrs.

MONDAY, Oct. 30, 1837—Purse $200, ent. $20; free for all ages; 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Edward Connor's b. f. *Talledega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 3 yrs..... Jim. 1 1
James H. Bradfute's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Isabella, 6 yrs..... 4 2
Richard Pryor's ch. c. *Sir Charles Jr.*, by Sir Charles, dam by Thaddeus, 4 yrs..... 2 3
Wm. Patrick's ch. h. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..... 3 4

Time, 1:54—1:58.

First heat Talledega had the track. At the tap of the drum they got away in good style, Sir Charles Jr. leading—in the back stretch the filly came up, passed her competitors, and made a beautiful run home, winning the heat from Sir Charles by about a length. In the 2d heat Talledega had the lead from the start, and was not locked, winning with plenty to spare.

TUESDAY, Oct. 31—Purse $300, ent. $30; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

James H. Bradfute's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by American Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... Reuben. 1 1
Nathan Terry's b. h. *Watkins Leigh*, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 6 yrs..... 2 2
John Reedy's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Ravenswood, 3 yrs..... 3 3

Time, 3:59—3:58.

The above afforded some sport, though the contest was not severe—Mary could have made it in better time. The track was in excellent order, the day delightful, and the company upon the course, numerous. Mary Wynn was the favorite against the field, though the Leviathan had many backers. With an excellent start they got away, Watkins Leigh having the track, which Mary took at the first jump. About half way round the first mile Watkins came up, but Mary beat him off considerably. Again at the commencement of the second mile he came at her with no better success, Mary passing the stand at least two lengths a-head.

Second heat.—After several attempts for a start, they at last got off, the Leviathan having the lead, which he maintained for the first mile and a half, when Mary came up, and quickly passed him, beating her opponents with ease. Great credit is due to the boy Reuben, for the very superior style in which he rode her.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1—Purse $500, ent. $40; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

John Connally's b. c. *Little Pilot*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 1 1
W. H. Ghoe's b. c. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 2 3
Nathan Terry's gr. f. *Richarda*, by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 3 2

Time, 6:07—6:10.

In the first heat Van Buren had the track—they got well away, Pilot leading, Richarda came up to him in the second mile, but she could not hold her position; in fact, Pilot was pulling to her, and won the heat without any apparent effort. In the 2d heat Pilot again had the lead, and was collared by Richarda, who quickly fell behind. Van Buren now came into play, but it was no go, Pilot winning the heat and race in hand.

Pilot was the favorite against the field, though the betting was but small. The day was extremely unpleasant, raining during the whole of the race, which caused the track to be in indifferent order.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Purse $700, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Samuel Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.... Jim 1 1
John Connally's ch. c. by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 2 2
James H. Bradfute's ch. f. *Victoria*, by American Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 3 3

Time, 7:55—8:07.

We had a delightful day, which, with the attraction of the race, drew a great crowd to the course. The betting was entirely upon Victoria against Othello. At the time appointed they made their appearance—none of them were in good order, the Bertrand was sprung in one of his fore legs, and as for Victoria, she was entirely out; Othello looked the best, though he was far from being in condition. Connally's colt had the track, Victoria the middle, and Othello outside. At the tap of the drum they got away, the Bertrand leading, Victoria within three lengths of him, and Othello behind her, running in a string. They kept this position until near the middle of the third mile, when both Victoria and Othello came up. Now came the struggle—they were all locked together, though Othello ultimately prevailed, coming in first in the third mile. The last mile was a brush the entire round—Othello passed his opponents in the last turn, and they came home at a killing pace, passing the Bertrand by a few lengths. Victoria pulled up just within the distance stand.

In the second heat Othello was entirely the favorite. They again got well away, Victoria having the lead, the Bertrand 2d. Victoria kept the lead for the first mile and a half, when Othello came into action, and quickly passed her. In the third mile he threw up, and made a full stop, which caused both the Bertrand and Victoria to pass him; but Jim put the spurs to him, and he soon recovered what he had lost, winning the heat with ease.

BEANS STATION (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Mr. Wm. T. Porter,—Sir: I take the earliest opportunity to send you the result of our races over the *Beans Station Course*, as I consider your paper worthy the highest commendation as an organ in giving sporting intelligence to the American public. East Tennessee is in her infancy in the way of blooded stock, although her soil, and climate, and production, are well suited—perhaps not surpassed by any section in the Union—bounded on the north by the Cumberland, and on the South by the Paint Mountains, with a valley productive of all the grasses, and interspersed with all the variety of rivers, and creeks, and springs, that man could wish. We lack one thing—the wherewith to purchase blooded mares—yet we are not wanting in that spirit which characterised old Hickory, in days when Tennesseeans stood by him.

We had the stables of Mr. JOHN M'GHEE, Mr. GEORGE RUTLEDGE, Capt. JOHN B. PROFFETT, and Capt. JAMES SCRUGGS.

Our races were well attended by a large and respectable concourse, and we also had Capt. Slick and his company, composed of the bone and sinew of the country. To explain this I will inform you that this country for some months back had been infested by a set of lawless hell-hounds, whose midnight deeds were that of burning houses, stables, horses, and work-shops, maiming cattle, poisoning, &c., and making and passing spurious coin. Under this state of things the country suffered, and patiently sought legal redress, but all in vain, until the pain became insupportable—and as a last resort they burst forth under that great law, self-defence. And the way that Capt. Slick brought out the truth—aye, sir, and the whole truth—flesh and blood can only tell. Now for the races. Track, 5 feet over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1837—Purse $125, ent. $25; free only for 2 year olds, carrying 70lbs. One mile out.

John McGhee's (Col. G. Bunch's) ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder..... 1
Capt. J. Scrugg's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Virginian..... 2
George Rutledge's ch. f. *Maria Smith*, by Imp. Leviathan dam by Bagdad..... 3
Mr. Guthrie's ch. f. by Nothing, out of Nothing, was nowhere in the race..... 0

Time, 2:01.

This was a well-contested race. The Bertrand filly got a bad start but finally closed up well, and upon the last run home the tune was not "slow and easy," the colt winning by four feet.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $175, ent. $50; free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John M'Ghee's ch. c. *Zebedee*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jo Kent, 4 yrs..... 1 1
George Rutledge's gr. h. *Wake Robbin*, by Jerrie, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 1:57—2:02. Track still deep.

In this race there was no contest, Zebedee winning both heats hard in hand. It is due to say that Wake Robbin had covered upwards of 90 mares the last season, and had been in but short training.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $225, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

James Scrugg's ch. f. *Levinia Rudd*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Betsey Epps by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 1 1
John M'Ghee's (Maj. Ainsworth's) ch. h. *Traveller*, by Arab, out of the dam of Hugh Lawson White by Conqueror, 6 yrs..... 2 dis

Time, 4:01—4:04. Track still deep.

No contest—Traveller not being able to make a run upon part of the ground. By a rule of this club all drawn horses are considered distanced, but it is well to say that Traveller, when called up for the 2d heat, was badly cramped, and unable to make fight.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse $75, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. John B. Proffett's br. f. *Jane Boburqua*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolick by Sir Charles, 3 yrs..... walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before; 8 subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

James M. Hord's (D. Carmichael's) b. f. *Lady Holston*, by Bertrand, d. by Virginian 1 1
Capt. John B. Proffett's b. c. *Sir Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles..... 2 dis
Col. James Powell's b. f. *Ann Barrow*, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Virginian..... dis

Time, 2:03—2:04. Track still deep.

In this race there was no contest, Lady Holston winning both heats without a struggle.

A match race will come off on the 15th of November over the Bean Station track, for $1500 a-side between Daniel Carmichael's filly, *Lady Holston*, by Bertrand, and Col. Powell's filly, *Ann Barrow*, by Cock of the Rock.

I am in ill health, and have written this history in great haste, which is submitted to you for publication in whole or part, as in your discretion may seem best. Yours very respectfully, JAMES SCRUGGS, *Secretary*.

CHRISTIANVILLE (Va.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. C. Claiborne's gr. f. by Sir Charles, dam not given..... 1 1
E. Townes' (E. R. Chambers') br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam not given..... 2 2
Upton Edmondson's c. by Eclipse, dam not given..... pd. ft
Dr. H. May's f. by Gohanna, dam not given..... pd. ft

Time, 2:25 each heat.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m's and f's. Two mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. c. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Washington, 3 yrs..... 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. *Jemito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packingham, 4 yrs..... 3 2
J. J. Harrison's b. g. by Mucklejohn, dam by Gallatin..... 2 dis
John C. Claiborne's ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles..... 4 dis
James White's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs., threw his rider when running handsomely, and was..... dist.

Time, 4:00—3:50. A capital race.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse $400, without discount; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Edmund Townes' bl. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
James J. Harrison's b. m. *Lady Green*, pedigree and age omitted..... 4 3
W. O. Goode's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 3 3 dr

Time, 6:5—6. Won easily.

On Friday there was a handicap race, Mile heats, but we have not been furnished with the result, in consequence of our correspondent leaving the course on the previous day.

CRAWFORD COUNTY (Arks.) FALL RACES.

Over the *Fort Smith Course*, commenced on Wednesday, 18th Oct. The track (about 60 feet over a mile) is beautifully situated in a prairie, and was in superior condition.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1837—Purse $125, ent. $20; free for all ages; Mile heats.

J. A. Scott's b. g. *Henry Sweat*, by Sir George, dam by Wonder, aged, 117lbs..... 1 1
N. Craven's s. f. *Patmos*, by Logan's Diomed, dam not given, 3 yrs. 80lbs..... 2 2
G. W. Knox's bl. f. *Morgiana*, by Diomed, dam not given, 5 yrs. 109lbs..... 4 3
T. Magness' (E. Rector's) b. h. *Metamora*, by Lafayette, out of Nettletop, 5 yrs. 109lbs. 3 4
J. W. Whitson's br. g. *Sam*, pedigree omitted, 4 yrs. 90lbs..... dist.

Time, 1:56—1:52.

Henry Sweat was reported last year in the list of winning horses, Mile heats, as *Henry Surat*, without a pedigree.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $235, ent. $20; free for all ages; Two mile heats.

T. Magness' s. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, dam not given, 4 yrs. 93lbs..... 1
G. W. Knox's gr. f. *Rosina*, by Consol, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 103lbs., threw her rider on the 1st mile, and was..... dist.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $300, ent. $50; free for all ages; Three mile heats.

Hawkin's & Ferguson's br. h. *Uncas*, by Desha's Randolph, dam by Dungannon, aged, 120lbs..... 1
W. Duval's b. h. *Cuny*, by Diomed, out of Tally Filly, 5 yrs. 106lbs..... bolt

The time of the two last days' races was not reported, as neither of the winning horses were at any time put up.

J. A. SCOTT, *Secretary*.

FALMOUTH (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, 19th Oct. We are indebted to the *Western Visiter* for the following report:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 19, 1837—Purse $50, for 2 year olds, carrying 70lbs. Mile heats.

David S. Clarkson's s. f. *Maria Frances*, by Sir Perry, out of Old Pink..... 1 1
Joseph Shawhan's b. h. by Clinton, dam unknown..... 2 bolt

Time, 2:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $50, free for all ages; weights, for 2 year olds as above—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. W. McIntosh's b. h. *Averil*, by Imp. Contract, dam by American Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Alexander Givens' b. h. *Sorrow*, by Kosciusko, dam by Virginia Whip, 6 yrs..... 2 2
Daniel Igo's br. h. *Daniel Webster*, by Old Mucklejohn, dam by Tiger Whip, aged.. 3 dis
James J. Clarkson's b. h. *Red Douglass*, by Roderick Dhu, dam by Ganymede, 3 yrs dis

Time, 4:17—4:10.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse $50, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

George Sinclair's s. m. *Kate Plowden*, by Kosciusko, d. by Blackburn's Whip, 6 y 1 1 1
Joseph Shawhan's s. h. *Ben Sutton*, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
Matthew Givens & Ansel Clarkson's s. h. *Pacolet*, by Cherokee, dam by Double-head, 5 yrs..... 3 3 dr

Time, 2:12—2:09—2:12.

THEOPHILUS JOHNSON, *Secretary*.

Errors Corrected.—In the report of the Chillicothe (Ohio) Races, for which see our paper of Nov. 4, we were led into the following errors by the peculiar hand-writing of our correspondent. The dam of *Jeanie Deans* should have been by Imp. *Knowsley*, not *Moseley*, as we gave it; and the time of the Two mile race on the 19th Oct. should have been 4:2—4:3—4:12.

UNIONVILLE (S. C.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Union Jockey Club Course*, commenced on Wednesday, 1st Nov. We are indebted to the Secretary of the Club for the following report. The weather, he remarks, was delightful, and the course well attended.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1, 1837—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Maj. W. Edding's gr. h. *Hualpa*, by Johnson's Medley, out of Betsey Ruffen by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:23—6:40. Don Pedro carried 3lbs. extra.

Hualpa was the favorite at starting, and bets were offered on him at odds. The knowing ones were taken in—Hualpa showed symptoms of *no go* in the 2d mile of 1st heat, and never was able to press the Don afterwards. It is due to the spirited owner of Hualpa to say, that his horse has been very badly stifled, and that this is his first race since the accident occurred.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Purse $230, free for all ages; weights as above; Two mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Edding's b. m. *Cowper*, by Medley, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs..... 1 1
T. J. Hughes' b. h. *Whalebone*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Columbus, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 4:23—4:17.

A slow race—Whalebone was in no condition, and not able to press Cowper from start to poll.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Edding's ch. h. *Tom Ruffin*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Betsey Ruffin, 4 y 2 1 1
Junius Thomson's ch. h. *Young Madison*, by Old Madison, dam by Sartorius, 6 y. 3 3 2
John Gist's b. m. *Betsey Anderson*, by Cultivator, out of Ophelia, aged..... 1 2 dis

Time, 1:57—2:05—2:04.

This was a very interesting race. Betsey Anderson was the favorite at starting for the 1st heat, and bets were freely offered and taken. At the tap of the drum they went off with a perfect *free-ality*, as they say in North Carolina, running quite in a pile for the first three quarters, the mare then took the lead, and came home at a stinging pace. The 2d heat was handsomely contested—the 3d easily won by Tom.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—Purse $225, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

M. R. Smith's ch. g. *Short Robin*, by Marcellus, out of Darning Needle by Darling Dove, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
John Gist's ch. f. by Old Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
Capt. Ellis' gr. h. *Flying Chariot*, by Rob Roy, out of Spunger's Bedford, 4 yrs.. 3 dist.

Time, 1:59—2:01—1:59.

A beautiful race—Chariot was in a wretched condition, and carried 18lbs over his proper weight. The contest between the Bertrand filly and Short Robin was very exciting—both evincing strong proofs of heel and bottom. We venture to predict that this same filly will show her heels to some nags before this season is over.

Several Sweepstakes have been opened, to come off over this track next Fall,—One for Two mile heats, sub. $100, P.P., 4 or more to make a race, to name and close by 1st Jan., to which there are now 2 subs. viz:

W. C. Beatty names s. c. by Rob Roy, out of Betsey Sanders.
P. E. Duncan names ———.

Also a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close by 1st Jan.

P. E. Duncan. | M. R. Smith.

Thus ends the 2d annual meeting of our Club under happier auspices than ever. We have been blessed with the most delightful weather. Our course has been daily crowded with lots of good fellows, and the Ladies' Stand filled with the beautiful and the gay. The pleasures of the week were enhanced by a charming party, and every fellow went home either well pleased with himself, or better pleased with somebody else.

Resolving to come to the next races with a fine horse and a ranger, I am, dear sir, yours respectfully, SECRETARY.

THE MULBERRY FALL RACES,

A *Second*, being a more full report than that published in our paper of the 11th inst., from the *Baltimore Chronicle*, has been sent us by a correspondent.

Being the second over this new and interesting track, commenced on the 2d October, and continued for four successive days. Considering the general scarcity of money, and the almost unprecedented difficulty of the times, there was a very considerable concourse of strangers as well as old acquaintances from a distance, to all of whom it afforded us unqualified pleasure to extend the right hand of reciprocal fellowship, and *more* to handle a portion of the great indispensable brought along with them. The weather during the races was marked by most extraordinary changes, the two first days being fit representatives of the middle of August—the third, that of the rainy season of Egypt—and the fourth, with a visitation of boreal breezes from the Wisconsin or some other territory.

The track on the third and fourth days was unusually heavy, in consequence of which it was thought that the comparative speed of the horses was not satisfactorily tested. The main race as well as the others, were very interesting, and it may with truth be said that a great diversity of opinion existed among the knowing ones before the word "Go," touching the ultimate result. It was, in fact, really amusing to a bystander to hear expressed so many conjectures, from the veriest Ethiopian to the owner of some formerly distinguished favorite horse. What grey nag is that (inquired a stranger in home spun) that walks so quietly away? They call him *Dandy*, says Mr. Anonymous. Well, says the other, he stands no chance, he will give out in no time. What will you wager about that? promptly asked a ruddy faced, round barreled, citizen, showing unquestionable marks of generous living: Why, as to that, responded the inquirer, I don't know exactly; but I am not so certain but I would venture a V. that he don't win the race: Accepted, and the eel skins were shortly deposited. There goes the Maryland nag, said a neat built youngster just out of his teens—she is the favorite without doubt? That may be, replies a beardless Virginian with the incipient pride of his native State glowing in his bosom; but I shall not hesitate to back my judgment against her. See yonder *Isaac of York*; he comes from a pretty good stock—he was raised by one of the Taylors, and if I am not much mistaken he will be apt to come out a little in advance. That's doubtful, remarks another anonymous, bearing well-defined marks of greater age and superior judgment than those of the supposed Marylander or youthful Virginian, *McCargo* has proved himself on former occasions hard to beat—don't you see him there smoking his pipe as composedly as if nothing were to happen? I am not so certain but what he will make 'em see sights before this mud travelling is completed. Too light! too light! for the track, earnestly remarked a judge—if a *judge* is to be estimated by his appearance and expression—track is too deep, and other contending horses too strong: my mind is so divided between *Camsidell* and *I. of York*, that I would not hazard a stiver. And so conjecture and surmise, if piled together, would have formed a mass equal in height to the commanding eminence which the track encircles; and the great mass of attendants were confounded in the multiplicity of counsels and opinions. At the sound of the trumpet the several horses (seven in all) made their appearance at the post, and off they started, making the mud fly, and exhibiting sundry practical evidences of social feeling, for now and then several were conversing familiarly in a crowd, and such passing and repassing tended to make the race intensely interesting. The writer of this can vouch for the fact, as regards an individual who had the temerity to hazard an amount very little exceeding an English guinea on the first heat, on finding his favorite a little unsocial and distant, had chills as if all the ice of Nova Zembla was piled around him. Although I had, as the sequel proves, lost the reckoning of my prophetic rationality in this affair, I could not but sympathise with the green-horn adventurer on my left; but the attempt rather increased than diminished the aspen-like moving of his limbs. McCargo came out ahead. The second and third heats were equally interesting, but marked by different results, the Marylander just coming out in time to be entitled to the needful.

Now, friend P., we will try and do better in future, and shall not be intimidated by this sailing before the wind of our sister state, Maryland, or the occasional breezes which fame has wafted from another State just beyond the keystone State. Come and see us, as we feel disposed always to greet you, and as far as lays in our power to come out a little ahead.

The second recent races over this course having thus terminated, it might be remarked that the prospects for its ultimate prosperity are very auspicious, for many reasons. We are in the midst of a region admirably adapted to the raising of the blooded horse: we are surrounded by Washington, Richmond, Lynchburg, besides other towns of less note: we have the facilities of travelling by stages, steam boats, and rail-road cars; and to be trumpeters in our own case, we think we live in the midst of a generous and enlightened community, devoted

BEANS STATION (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Mr. Wm. T. Porter,—Sir: I take the earliest opportunity to send you the result of our races over the *Beans Station Course*, as I consider your paper worthy the highest commendation as an organ in giving sporting intelligence to the American public. East Tennessee is in her infancy in the way of blooded stock, although her soil, and climate, and production, are well suited—perhaps not surpassed by any section in the Union—bounded on the north by the Cumberland, and on the South by the Paint Mountains, with a valley productive of all the grasses, and interspersed with all the variety of rivers, and creeks, and springs, that man could wish. We lack one thing—the wherewith to purchase blooded mares—yet we are not wanting in that spirit which characterised old Hickory, in days when Tennesseeans stood by him.

We had the stables of Mr. JOHN M'GHEE, Mr. GEORGE RUTLEDGE, Capt. JOHN B. PROFFETT, and Capt. JAMES SCRUGGS.

Our races were well attended by a large and respectable concourse, and we also had Capt. Slick and his company, composed of the bone and sinew of the country. To explain this I will inform you that this country for some months back had been infested by a set of lawless hell-hounds, whose midnight deeds were that of burning houses, stables, horses, and work-shops, maiming cattle, poisoning, &c., and making and passing spurious coin. Under this state of things the country suffered, and patiently sought legal redress, but all in vain, until the pain became insupportable—and as a last resort they burst forth under that great law, self-defence. And the way that Capt. Slick brought out the truth—aye, sir, and the whole truth—flesh and blood can only tell. Now for the races. Track, 5 feet over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1837—Purse $125, ent. $25; free only for 2 year olds, carrying 70lbs. One mile out.

John McGhee's (Col. G. Bunch's) ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder........ 1
Capt. J. Scrugg's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Virginian........ 2
George Rutledge's ch. f. *Maria Smith*,* by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bagdad........ 3
Mr. Guthrie's ch. f. by Nothing, out of Nothing, was nowhere in the race........ 0
Time, 2:01.

This was a well-contested race. The Bertrand filly got a bad start but finally closed up well, and upon the last run home the tune was not "slow and easy," the colt winning by four feet.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $175, ent. $50; free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John M'Ghee's ch. c. *Zebedee*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jo Kent, 4 yrs........ 1 1
George Rutledge's gr. h. *Wake Robbin*, by Jerrie, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs........ 2 2
Time, 1:57—2:02. Track still deep.

In this race there was no contest, Zebedee winning both heats hard in hand. It is due to say that Wake Robbin had covered upwards of 90 mares the last season, and had been in but short training.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $225, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

James Scrugg's ch. f. *Levinia Rudd*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Betsey Epps by Timoleon, 4 yrs........ 1 1
John M'Ghee's (Maj. Ainsworth's) ch. h. *Traveller*, by Arab, out of the dam of Hugh Lawson White by Conqueror, 6 yrs........ 2 dis
Time, 4:01½—4:04. Track still deep.

No contest—Traveller not being able to make a run upon part of the ground. By a rule of this club all drawn horses are considered distanced, but it is well to say that Traveller, when called up for the 2d heat, was badly cramped, and unable to make fight.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse $75, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. John B. Proffett's br. f. *Jane Bohorqua*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolick by Sir Charles, 3 yrs........ walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before; 8 subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

James M. Hord's (D. Carmichael's) b. f. *Lady Holston*, by Bertrand, d. by Virginian 1 1
Capt. John B. Proffett's b. c. *Sir Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles........ 2 dis
Col. James Powell's b. f. *Ann Barrow*, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Virginian........ dis
Time, 2:03—2:04. Track still deep.

In this race there was no contest, Lady Holston winning both heats without a struggle.

A match race will come off on the 15th of November over the Bean Station track, for $1500 a-side between Daniel Carmichael's filly, *Lady Holston*, by Bertrand, and Col. Powell's filly, *Ann Barrow*, by Cock of the Rock.

I am in ill health, and have written this history in great haste, which is submitted to you for publication in whole or part, as in your discretion may seem best. Yours very respectfully, JAMES SCRUGGS, *Secretary*.

CHRISTIANVILLE (Va.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. C. Claiborne's gr. f. by Sir Charles, dam not given........ 1 1
E. Townes' (E. R. Chambers') br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam not given........ 2 2
Upton Edmondson's c. by Eclipse, dam not given........ pd. ft.
Dr. H. May's f. by Gohanna, dam not given........ pd. ft.
Time, 2:25 each heat.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m's and g's. Two mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. c. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Washington, 3 yrs........ 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. *Jenito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packingham, 4 yrs........ 3 2
J. J. Harrison's b. g. by Mucklejohn, dam by Gallatin........ 2 dis
John C. Claiborne's ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles........ 4 dis
James White's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs., threw his rider when running handsomely, and was........ dist.
Time, 4:00—3:50. A capital race.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse $400, without discount; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Edmund Townes' bl. m. *Black-Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs........ 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director, 3 yrs........ 2 2
James J. Harrison's b. m. *Lady Green*, pedigree and age omitted........ 4 3
W. O. Goode's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs........ 3 dr
Time, 6:5—6. Won easily.

On Friday there was a handicap race, Mile heats, but we have not been furnished with the result, in consequence of our correspondent leaving the course on the previous day.

CRAWFORD COUNTY (Arks.) FALL RACES.

Over the *Fort Smith Course*, commenced on Wednesday, 18th Oct. The track (about 60 feet over a mile) is beautifully situated in a prairie, and was in superior condition.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1837—Purse $225, ent. $20; free for all ages; Mile heats.

J. A. Scott's b. g. *Henry Sweat*, by Sir George, dam by Wonder, aged, 117lbs........ 1 1
N. Craven's s. f. *Patmos*, by Logan's Diomed, dam not given, 3 yrs. 80lbs........ 2 2
G. W. Knox's bl. f. *Morgiana*, by Diomed, dam not given, 5 yrs. 103lbs........ 4 3
T. Magness' (E. Rector's) b. h. *Metamora*, by Lafayette, out of Nettletop, 5yrs. 106lbs. 3 4
J. W. Whitson's br. g. *Sam*, pedigree omitted, 4 yrs. 90lbs........ dist.
Time, 1:56—2:2.

Henry Sweat was reported last year in the list of winning horses, Mile heats, as *Henry Surat*, without a pedigree.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $235, ent. $30; free for all ages; Two mile heats.

T. Magness' s. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, dam not given, 4 yrs. 91lbs........ 1
G. W. Knox's gr. f. *Rottna*, by Consol, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 103lbs., threw her rider on the 1st mile, and was........ dist.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $300, ent. $50; free for all ages; Three mile heats.

Hawkins & Ferguson's br. h. *Uncas*, by Desha's Randolph, dam by Dungannon, aged, 120lbs........ 1
W. Duval's b. h. *Cuny*, by Diomed, out of Tally Filly, 5 yrs. 106lbs........ bolt

The time of the two last days' races was not reported, as neither of the winning horses were at any time put up. J. A. SCOTT, *Secretary*.

FALMOUTH (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, 19th Oct. We are indebted to the *Western Visiter* for the following report:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 19, 1837—Purse $50, for 2 year olds, carrying 70lbs. Mile heats.

David S. Clarkson's s. f. *Maria Frances*, by Sir Perry, out of Old Pink........ 1 1
Joseph Shawhan's b. h. by Clinton, dam unknown........ 2 bolt
Time, 2:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $50, free for all ages; weights, for 2 year olds as above—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. W. McIntosh's b. h. *Avril*, by Imp. Contract, dam by American Eclipse, 5 yrs........ 1 1
Alexander Givens' b. h. *Severe*, by Kosciusko, dam by Virginia Whip, 6 yrs........ 2 2
Daniel Igo's br. h. *Daniel Webster*, by Old Mucklejohn, dam by Tiger Whip, aged.. 3 dis
James J. Clarkson's b. h. *Red Douglass*, by Roderick Dhu, dam by Ganymede, 3 yrs dis
Time, 4:17—4:10.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse $50, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

George Sinclair's s. m. *Kate Plowden*, by Kosciusko, d. by Blackburn's Whip, 6 y 1 1 1
Joseph Shawhan's s. h. *Ben Sutton*, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 4 yrs........ 2 2 2
Matthew Givens & Ansel Clarkson's s. h. *Paeolet*, by Cherokee, dam by Double-head, 5 yrs........ 3 3 dr
Time 2:12—2:09—2:12.

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The track on the third and fourth days was unusually heavy, in consequence of which it was thought that the comparative speed of the horses was not satisfactorily tested. The main race as well as the others, were very interesting, and it may with truth be said that a great diversity of opinion existed among the knowing ones before the word "Go," touching the ultimate result. It was, in fact, really amusing to a bystander to hear expressed so many conjectures, from the veriest Ethiopian to the owner of some formerly distinguished favorite horse. What grey nag is that (inquired a stranger in home spun) that walks so quietly away? They call him *Dandy*, says Mr. Anonymous. Well, says the other, he stands no chance, he will give out in no time. What will you wager about that? promptly asked a ruddy faced, round barreled, citizen, showing unquestionable marks of generous living: Why, as to that, responded the inquirer, I don't know exactly; but I am not so certain but I would venture a V. that he don't win the race: Accepted, and the eel skins were shortly deposited. There goes the Maryland nag, said a neat built youngster just out of his teens—she is the favorite without doubt? That may be, replies a beardless Virginian with the incipient pride of his native State glowing in his bosom; but I shall not hesitate to back my judgment against her. See yonder *Isaac of York*: he comes from a pretty good stock—he was raised by one of the Tayloes, and if I am not much mistaken he will be apt to come out a little in advance. That's doubtful, remarks another anonymous, bearing well-defined marks of greater age and superior judgment than those of the supposed Marylander or youthful Virginian, *McCargo* has proved himself on former occasions hard to beat—don't you see him there smoking his pipe as composedly as if nothing were to happen? I am not so certain but what he will make 'em see sights before this mud travelling is completed. Too light! too light! for the track, earnestly remarked a judge—if a *judge* is to be estimated by his appearance and expression—track is too deep, and other contending horses too strong: my mind is so divided between *Camsidell* and *I. of York*, that I would not hazard a stiver. And so conjecture and surmise, if piled together, would have formed a mass equal in height to the commanding eminence which the track encircles; and the great mass of attendants were confounded in the multiplicity of counsels and opinions. At the sound of the trumpet the several horses (seven in all) made their appearance at the post, and off they started, making the mud fly, and exhibiting sundry practical evidences of social feeling, for now and then several were conversing familiarly in a crowd, and such passing and repassing tended to make the race intensely interesting. The writer of this can vouch for the fact, as regards an individual who had the temerity to hazard an amount very little exceeding an English guinea on the first heat, on finding his favorite a little unsocial and distant, had chills as if all the ice of Nova Zembla was piled around him. Although I had, as the sequel proves, lost the reckoning of my prophetic rationality in this affair, I could not but sympathise with the green-horn adventurer on my left; but the attempt rather increased than diminished the aspen-like moving of his limbs. McCargo came out ahead. The second and third heats were equally interesting, but marked by different results, the Marylander just coming out in time to be entitled to the needful.

Now, friend P., we will try and do better in future, and shall not be intimidated by this sailing before the wind of our sister state, Maryland, or the occasional breezes which fame has wafted from another State just beyond the keystone State. Come and see us, as we feel disposed always to greet you, and as far as lays in our power to come out a little ahead.

The second recent races over this course having thus terminated, it might be remarked that the prospects for its ultimate prosperity are very auspicious, for many reasons. We are in the midst of a region admirably adapted to the raising of the blooded horse: we are surrounded by Washington, Richmond, Lynchburg, besides other towns of less note: we have the facilities of travelling by stages, steam boats, and rail-road cars; and to be trumpeters in our own case, we think we live in the midst of a generous and enlightened community, devoted to the sports of the turf, and as much pleased with novelty and charmed with amusement as any people under the sun. J. M. B.

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Mulberry Course*, commenced on Monday, Oct. 24. We are indebted to the courtesy of a correspondent for the following report:—

MONDAY, Oct. 24—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

J. P. White's ch. c. *Hampton*, by Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar........ rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Match, $50 a-side, One mile out.

Mr. Newby's gr. g. *Hardheart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged, 121lbs........ 1
Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Lady Milo*, by Milo, dam not given, 4 yrs. 97lbs........ 2
Time, 1:52.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25—Poststake free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Steele*, by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks, 3 yrs.. 1 1
James P. Corbin's ch. c. *Hampton*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs........ 2 2
Time, 3:55—4:00. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $250 a side, weights as before, Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs........ 1 1
Mason Thompson's ch. h. *Champion*, by Champion, dam unknown, 5 yrs........ 2 2
Time, 1:53—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Proprietor's Purse $250, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs........ 1 1
James P. Corbin's ch. f. *Irene*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs........ 4 2
John M. Botts' s. f. by Gohanna, dam by Wild Cat, 3 yrs........ 2 3
William McCargo's b. h. *Childre*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs........ 3 dis
Thos. Doswell's br. m. *Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar, 5 y. 5 dis
Time, 4:16—4:11. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $500 a-side, weights as before, Two mile heats.

John S. Corbin's br. h. by Timoleon, dam not given, 5 yrs........ 1 1
Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. *Corsair*, by Timoleon, dam not given, 3 yrs........ 2 2
Time, 4:24—4:29.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, weights as before; Three mile heats.

Joseph M. Govenor's br. m. *Camsidell*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs........ 5 1 1
Wm. McCargo's s. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director, 3 yrs........ 1 3 2
James P. Corbin's ch. h. *Tryo*, by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar, 5 yrs........ 6 6 3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs........ 7 4 4
John S. Corbin's ch. c. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs........ 3 5 dis
Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. h. *Isaac of York*, by Sir Charles, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs........ 2 2 dis
Hector Davis' b. h. *Nick Biddle*, by Timoleon, out of the dam of James Cropper, 5 y 4 7 dis
Time, 6:54—6:51—6:56. Track still heavy.

AURORA AND HER PRODUCE.

(COPY.)

This is to certify, that at the Fall Meeting of the Agricultural Society of Fredericksburg, in the year 1837, the Society's premium for the best Brood Mare, "to be determined by her appearance, pedigree, and colt, or colts," was awarded to WM. H. TAYLOE'S *Aurora*, by Arab, dam by Sir Archy, g. dam old Agnes, by Belair.

And also, the premium for "the best Colt or Filly, thorough or full bred, not exceeding 3 yrs. old the past Spring," was awarded to *Howa*, by Luzborough, out of Aurora.

Witness my hand and seal, the 11th day of Nov., 1837.

(Signed) R. B. SEMPLE, Sec'y and Treasurer.

PRODUCE OF AURORA.

1. *Howa*, ch. f., foaled 18th Feb., 1834, by Luzborough. Howa lost her first race, run over the Tappahannock J. C. Course 18th April, 1837. Time, 1:53—1:57. She won the sweepstakes over the Fairfield Course May 2d, 1837.—Time, 1:53—2:00. The distemper prevented her running in the great Dorsey Stakes, Baltimore. In a match, $250 aside, she beat easily Mr. Thompson's ch. h. Champion, over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Oct. 25th, 1837.—Time, 1:53—1:54. The next morning she threw her rider, and running against the railing in the quarter-stretch, dislocated her stifle. She was taken with great difficulty to the stable, and yet remains at Fredericksburg. It is not probable she will ever be fit to run again. She has a promising half sister in the *first of Autocrat's get*, that has run in Virginia.

2. *Czarina*, g. f., foaled 7th May, 1835, by Autocrat, winner of the sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds over the Tappahannock J. C. Course, the 17th of Oct., 1837, J. P. Corbin's b. f. by Mons. Tonson 2d, Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah 3d; four forfeits.—Time, 1:57. Czarina is in two stakes for the next Spring.

3. *Etta Ogle*, br. f., foaled 25th March, 1837, by Chateau Margaux.

Cure for Botts.

One ounce of laudanum, in a pint of new milk, and 1 pint of molasses; should it be too much, add a little water. In 45 minutes after giving the above dose, give a pint of castor oil. Tried and approved by T.

I have somewhere seen a memorandum that a bushel of flaxseed in 8 bushels of oats, is equal to 16 bushels of oats for feeding.

☞ A large and very respectable Jockey Club is to have its first meeting next Spring, over a new Course, at Lee's Springs, Fauquier Co., Va.

GRASS HILL, *Gallatin Co.*, (Ky.) Nov. 16, 1837.

Mr. P.—In the "Spirit of the Times" of the 21st Oct., is republished from the Kentucky Gazette, Aug. 9,—"History of the Origin of the English Cattle now in Kentucky." I am induced to write to you in consequence of the date being omitted: it should read, *August 9th*, 1817. Mr. JOHN NORVELL (now the Hon. Mr. Norvell, from Michigan) was the then Editor, and my neighbor; I handed to him the paper published 9th August, 1817, and now republished in the Spirit of the Times. I thought this explanation would be useful to gentlemen who have lately become interested in blooded cattle.

Your ob't. serv't., LEWIS SANDERS.

Blood Stock of R. S. Fay, of Boston.

1. A chesnut filly, bred by George Clarke, Esq., of Bawtry Moor, Co. Notts, England, imported Aug. 1837, near hind leg white, and a little white in the face, got by Corinthian, dam Delusion, by Comus, g. dam by Rubens, out of Actæon's dam, foaled April 12, 1835.

2. A chesnut filly, (bred as above) by Corinthian, dam by Catton, out of Greenmantle's dam, foaled May 5, 1835.

Sale of Improved Short Horned Cattle.

This sale took place at Sugar Grove, Chillicothe, on the 24th October, and was attended by most of the eminent agriculturists of Ohio, and some from Kentucky, comprising a larger number of actual bidders than were present at the Company's previous sale. The bidding consequently was very spirited, and the prices obtained for the cattle plainly show that this invaluable kind of stock is advancing in public estimation. The following is a complete list of the cattle sold, their ages, the names of purchasers, and the price of each animal.

Names.	Ages.		Purchasers and their Residences.	Dolls.
BULLS.				
Acmon	3ys.	8m.	M. L. Sullivant & Co., Columbus	2500
Comet Halley	5ys.	0m.	George Renick & Co., Chillicothe	2500
Hazlewood	1yr.	6m.	Allen Trimble and R. R. Seymour	700
Bouncer	1yr.	7m.	John Walke, Pickaway Co., O.	453
Powhatan	1yr.	19ds	Harness Renick, Pickaway Co., O.	500
Santa Anna	3m.	21ds	Joseph C. Vance, Ohio Co., Va.	425
COWS.				
Flora	7ys.	6m.	M. L. Sullivant, Columbus	1300
Matilda	6ys.	6m.	Allen Trimble, Highland Co., O.	1220
Fidella	7m.	18ds	" " "	610
Elizabeth (and Calf)	5ys.	0m.	J. & Wm. Vance, Champaign Co.	1450
Charlotte	4ys.	7m.	Joseph G. White, Ross Co., O.	650
Arabella (and Calf)	3ys.	7m.	Arthur Watts, Chillicothe	1200
Blush	2ys.	9m.	John H. James, Champaign Co.	1015
Emily	2ys.	8m.	Asahel Renick, Pickaway Co.	875
Victoress	1yr.	9m.	M. L. Sullivant	700

The *Boston Morning Post* is pluck to the back-bone. Just after being *used up* in a political contest, its editor thus describes the salutation which a party of whig rowdies gave his office in celebrating their victory. Such spirit shows a politician sure "to train on!"— P. T. O.

"Why don't you illuminate your d——d old office?—hurra for Jackson!—hang out your sign—how do you feel, Charley?—how's the *Morning Post* this *evening?*—don't be frightened—up and go it again—that's your sort—how do you like Salt River navigation?—hurra—do you see John's hat?—how's the white of your eye?—our tasty's coming—hear the guns—burn't brandy won't save you—go home and go to bed, you blasted fool—how's the Dutchman?—three cheers for the Post—go it ——."

A COMMON ERROR.—Poets and sculptors must be egregiously wanting in observation, or they would not represent their angels ever smiling and happy, when in "Te Deum Laudamus" they are distinctly told "the Cherubim and Seraphim continually *do cry*."

Varieties.

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no balls in his regiment; "Nor powder neither," said the young genleman, "if your lordship could any way help it."

Self feeling is fellow feeling, says an epi-grammatist, proving it as follows:

In prime of life, Tom lost his wife:
Says Dick, to soothe his pain,
"Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now
In Abraham's bosom lain."
"His fate forlorn, with grief I mourn,"
The shrewd dissembler cries:
"For much I fear by this sad tear,
She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes!"

The daily papers are filled with announcements of the extension of her Majesty's patronage to traders of all degrees. Among others Mr. Proctor, of Fleet street, has been appointed "purveyor of snuff" to her Majesty; he does not say whether he also finds her Majesty in "backee." Poor woman! her wants must be very multifarious. Mr. Hammond, of Oxford street, we see is appointed her "kicksee builder."

A conceited musician asked a young lady if he should play a solo for her.—Yes, said she, so *low* that I should not be able to hear it.

At a cause tried at the King's Bench bar, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, a good impudent fellow, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, "Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose." "Why, sir, said he, by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his leather bed, at last made away with that too; when, being reproved for it by some of his friends, "Why," said he, "I am very well, and why should I keep my bed?"

"Never," says an imaginative German, "can I forget what I felt when I came to the end of Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' where the hero terminates his career in a *barrel of rum*."

DINNER.—I advise men who cannot drink good wine after dinner, to dine alone; human ingenuity could not invent a severer punishment for me, than to compel me to eat heartily, drink cold water, and then attempt to entertain a company of ladies. One might as well attempt to deliver a lecture on Italian literature, after being well saturated with draught porter.

PAIN FOR PANE.—At Lambeth street, on Thursday, a lamp-breaking youth, named Edward Clark, was fined thirty shillings for wantonly breaking a gas-lamp belonging to the Poplar Gas Light Company in the East India Dock-road. This was a very "paneful" issue to a "night's spree," but it was "tip" or "quod," and "tip" was "the order of the day."

When reason fails to convince, there's nothin left but ridicule. If they have no ambition, apply to their feelins—clap a blister on their pride and it will do the business. Its like a puttin ginger under a horse's tail; it makes him carry up real hand*sum* I tell you. When I was a boy, I was always late at school:—well, father's preachin I didn't mind much, but I never could bear to hear mother say, 'Why, Sam! are you actilly up for all day? Well, I hope your airly risin won't heart you—I declare. What on airth is going to happen now? Well, wonders *will* never cease.' *It raised my dander*: at last, says I, "Mother, now don't say that are any more, for gracious sake, for it makes me feel ugly, and I'll get up as airly as any on you; and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin in this life—*An early start makes easy stages.* Sam Slick.

Receipt for finishing a Young Lady.—Take a daughter of a cheesmonger, tallow-chandler, or any other tradesman, who has some money but not much information, and if she be an only child so much the better for your purpose. Stuff her with plum cake and praise till she be nine years of age, then teach her the horn-book, and let her practice for three or four years, at such reading as may be selected for her by Mary the maid of all work—the said Mary taking especial care that Miss is her confidante in all the little matters of flirtation and sweethearting line. When she enters her thirteenth year, send her to Miss Diddlefidget's "Establishment" to be finished—"heddication and manners." As to the first, she must read a little and spell some, but avoid everything like grammar as a vulgarity and a plague. Put her up to "*wooley-woo, parlewoo playtail*," and she is *Frenched*. Strain her up six octaves and half of the *pianar*, and down again, and make her look charming at the harp, and she is *musicked*. Inform her that Tamerlane succeeded Charles the Twelfth as Emperor of China, and that Julius Cæsar defeated Oliver Cromwell upon the banks of the Macquarrie river in Nova Zembla, and she is completely *historified*. Tell her that Chimborazo is a great salt lake in Siberia, and that the Po is a burning mountain in Arabia Felix; let her give a whirl or two to the globe, and point out the longitude of the Arctic pole, and the latitude of the equator, and she is *geographical*. Make her waltz for three hours in the week with a French valet, and she is *attitudinized*. The other accomplishments may be obtained for money without any exertion upon her part. So much for the "heddication."

Extracted from "The Ass."

Mr. Pope being at dinner with a noble duke, and his own servant in livery waiting upon him. The duke asked him "Why he, that eat mostly at other people's table should be such a fool as to keep a fellow in livery only to laugh at him?" "'Tis true," answered the poet, "I keep but one to laugh at me, but your grace has the honor to keep a dozen."

A young fellow being told that his mistress was married; to convince him of it, the young gentleman who told him, said he had seen the bride and bridegroom. "Prithee" said the forsaken swain, "do not call them by those names; I cannot bear it." "Shall I call them dog and cat?" answered the other. "Oh, no, for heaven's sake," replied the other, that "sounds ten times more like man and wife."

THE ORGAN AND THE SURPLICE.—Two Highlandmen, who had come down from the upper country, entered an English chapel on a Christmas morning, and seated themselves in the best pew in the chapel. The organ, which was only a barrel one, was playing, and the people were chanting one of the psalms, when the only man of property belonging to that persuasion, who came from a distance, entered the chapel. The worthy clerk came from his desk to open the pew door; and instead of leaving off the chant in which the congregation were engaged, he prolonged it in the following words, which the improvisator addressed to the two kilted savages that sat in the cloth-covered pew:—"Rise up, good men, and l-e-e-t in Mr. P-e-e-c—ter-s-o-o-n, of P-e-e-e—tur—ty." The Highlandmen, never having heard an organ in their whole life, and, moreover, remembering that the bagpipe the only approximation to it, was more associated with dancing than with worship, looked at the clerk perfectly petrified, shrugging their shoulders, and as courteously as they could declining the request. The clerk continuing more urgent in signs and winks, the oldest of the two went up to him and whispered, "It's a shame o' you to ask me afore sae many folks; I'm no hand at a'. Ask Tonald, wha's up at the top o' te pew, he's clever at the fit; I've seen him trip off Tullygorum like an elfin on an arrow head." The unsuspecting Highlanders fancied that the organ and the clerk invited them to dance, and it was only after some remonstrance and explanation that they consented to remove to another seat. This affair bitterly vexed the clerk and that same evening he came down to the school-room and fell foul of me, accusing me of having sent two Highland savages to interfere with the worship. I explained to him my utter ignorance of the whole transaction; but I took care to add my testimony against the real cause of the occurrence—the "kist o' whistles." I said, that an organ, which was only a civilized bagpipe, and a Minister with his sark outside, were enough to make all the Highlands rise up and dance.

Fraser's Magazine.

CURRAN.

When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gladly round, when, suddenly, amongst us appeared a stranger, of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see), perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the Rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and full of waggery; thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweet-meats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to school at Middleton. In short, he made man of me. I recollect it was about five-and-thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round —it was my friend of the ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: "You are right, Sir; you are right. The chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!" He dined with me: and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a *Right* Honorable. Poor Boyse! He is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory!

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S.

To return to the point at which we parted in the last number, leaving hearsay and conjecture aside, what appeals directly to one's own observation serves to distinguish the nobleman* of whom we were speaking from any modern instance in Turf story. If he be an extensive proprietor of race horses, surely it is capable of invidious construction that any mystery should exist about it; and where, if not around the patent of nobility, should be inscribed the motto which is the spirit of honor,—"Non sine crimine solum, sed etiam sine labe?" If he be not personally connected with the Turf, then does he exhibit an example of disinterested magnificence of which that class of Sporting is without a parallel. There is no secret that the splendid Waterloo Shield run for at the last meeting at Goodwood was the free gift of Lord George Bentinck. The value of this prize was stated at about *twelve hundred guineas*, being the most valuable *Plate* ever raced for. Now if the giver were an extensive Stud proprietor, or one whose heavy Turf speculations made it good policy that he cultivate a particular popularity, taking our data from the ordinary motives of human actions, we might arrive at the incitement to the Eastern magnificence of his donation. Were the giver politically or otherwise linked with the county of Sussex, we might understand why Goodwood was selected as the arena of such *unique* liberality. Neither being the case, the least that can be said is that the good-breeding must be complete, who can review the alternative void of all surprise?

"Nil *admirari*, prope res est una Numici."

It will be recollected that a duel was fought last year between Lord George and Mr. Osbaldeston, a *rencontre* which with characteristic fatality arose out of a notorious affair at Heaton Park races, in the Autumn of 1835. No sort of imputation is intended to be applied to either party. Mr. Osbaldeston won the cup by excellent jockeyship, and Lord George Bentinck lost his money, being second best in that emphatic contest which is called "the tug of war." I set out by stating that the nobleman now under our notice was one whose connexion with the Turf was conventionally alluded to with much delicacy, and regarded as a subject to be handled "levi manu." I confess I do not see the object of such fastidiousness, nor why I should refrain from describing him as the supporter of a cause, which we have beheld him maintaining both with *sword* and *shield*.

The air which pervades the Room and its arrangements is the *ideal* of playing at 'Change. While grouped around are the merchant nobles of the land, driving their bargains with logarithmic cunning, seated at a corner table is the newspaper reporter, noting down each fluctuation of the odds with fractional minuteness. On ordinary occasions you will not find there the leaders of the racing world—Lords Exeter, Jersey, Chesterfield—neither their Graces of Rutland, Richmond, nor Grafton; more frequently than any of his compeers being to be seen the impersonation of the old English squire, in *very* yellow leathers, top-boots unconscious of oxalic acid, a blue coat and a spencer of the same hue,—the Duke of Portland. Most prominent, and evidently regarded as of commanding influence, is the Right Honorable Charles Greville. This gentleman has neither a large nor an average Turf establishment even for its size, but whether for himself alone, or as representing his friends, he shows formidably at Hyde Park Corner, and in the Ring on Newmarket Heath. He has the reputation of being one of the most skilful handicappers of the day, *the* most accomplished of all modern professors of that most intricate and obnoxious art being, singularly enough, a son of Neptune, the universally popular companion and excellent seaman, the Honorable Captain Rous. Not the brow of the defunct glory of Israel, as he propped himself against a pillar of Gresham's Golconda colonnade, ever wore the impress of more intense thought than does that of the right honorable the Clerk of the Council what time he girds up his loins for business at Tattersall's. Goldsmith makes old Hardcastle say of Marlow's manner, "Well, if this be modern modesty, I never saw anything so like old-fashioned impudence." Should any chance place a genuine "*Vive la bagatelle*" fresh from the banks of the Seine among the pleasure-seekers at the Corner, methinks I hear him (eyeing the honorable gentleman whose whereabouts he has just learned) exclaiming, "That may be the guise of English happiness, but I never saw anything more like the expression of French calamity."

If it be winter, with his back to the fire, or if summer, slowly pacing the yard, you will observe a figure with the hands up to the wrists delved into the breeches pockets, and always arrayed in a brown body-coat, white cord, top-boots, and a Jolliffe hat, somewhat modernized in the crown. That is James Bland, whilom a gentleman's coachman, but now "as good as his master." In keeping with the march of vocabulary, which pronounces a hodman an operative architect, sinking the old vernacular, we will designate him as a gentleman professionally connected with Racing. He is not provided with that universal letter of introduction of which Lord Chesterfield speaks: indeed, he and a brother professional, a Mr. Wagstaff (of whom hereafter), are under as little obligation to nature in that particular as any two men with whom I can charge my memory at this instant. Bland has had many a tough bout with Fortune, and not being disagreeably particular about the odds in the duello, has contrived to make a tolerable fight of it. I believe she all but grassed him on the Derby in Plenipo's year (1834). At that period he was, if not confederated, at all events unquestionably *in with* the Chifneys as far as the length of their stables went. Shillelagh was to win according to their calculation (and singularly accurate it was with a dark horse to compute by), and upon him "Jim" stood heavily. I was near him just as the race came off, and he certainly stood the cast like a trump. I believe he paid every guinea lost at Epsom, and fame made him to square things a little subsequently at Ascot.

That year's meeting at Ascot I cannot let pass without a further notice. It was generally understood among sporting men that another of the prominent bettors,—in plain English, that a leading Leg of the name of Halliday had also been hard bit on the Derby of which I have spoken. His balances lay over, and were to be squared on the Monday following the Ascot week at Tattersall's. I saw this man on every part of the heath where the semblance of a ring was to be seen, passing from one to the other in nervous restlessness. As the meeting drew towards its close, his manner grew still more perplexed, wild and fierce. I knew he was a large stake against Lord Chesterfield for the cup, and it made me shudder to look upon the desperate carelessness he assumed as Glaucus came in an easy winner. Friday was the last day, and his forlorn hope: he betted recklessly on every race, I believe without success. The final event was about being started for: he laid wildly against a horse of Mr. Massey Stanley's. Some one exclaimed in the running, "Stanley wins." I heard a soul-breathed execration at my side. It was the last I heard or saw of Halliday. *He died suddenly in the course of that evening.* It is one thing to read this too common episode, traced upon this page; another to have read, from the living volume, the tale of consuming agony begun in bitterness, terminated in despair!

Occasionally during the season, a tall man, very distinguished in his deportment, and scrupulously plain in his *costume*, may be seen strolling around the yard, always with a cigar alight. Rarely, if ever, he is found to enter the Room. That is Colonel Peel, one of the most influential supporters of Racing now upon the Turf. There is something eminently characteristic in family keeping, if I may compound a term, in the sporting establishment of that gentleman. All is based upon the original purpose, the legitimate design of Racing as really a national sport. He is a very extensive breeder of blood stock, has his private trainer at Newmarket, William Cooper, one of the most respectable men there, his private jockey, Arthur Pavis, a diamond edition of an olympic hero, and his livery is the orange and purple. Whatever be the object that mingles him with the embranglement at Hyde Park Corner, he appears but as a spectator, as carefully aloof from its actual operations as one might be supposed to keep whom chance had associated with a party busied with no savory office. With a princely fortune, he is a subscriber to all the great stakes, as, having elected the Turf for a pursuit, it is but fitting he should; he does not bet in public, at least but seldom, and to a small amount; what his private speculations may be, of course I have no means of judging; but this all who run may know, that, in the good taste which pervades his sporting *menage*, and the high principle by which all its details are directed, they have before them a very finished picture of an English gentleman at his recreations.

While in our analysis of Tattersall's, many who, like Colonel Peel, command our entire respect, will be found, though far more for whom we can alone feel unmitigated disgust, here and there will occur a specimen of an intermediate grade whose classification may come under the head of "Legs eleemosynary." This is a strange variety of the *lupes implumis*, exhibiting a species, whose voluntary pursuit is at utter strife with its natural propensity. I do not think there are many samples of it in existence even now, and history is silent about any having been known before our time. We read that old Elwes would pick his dinner off a dunghill, and at night jeopardy his thousands at play; still there was a glimmer of manhood about that. But the "Leg eleemosynary" is as divested of all mortal spirit as a bunch of dog's-meat. To him your bone grubber is a fellow infinitely aristocratic. This at least makes his merchandise of honest offal, while the other is a mendicant of vampire carrion. As there will be few who can divine the occupation of this drone of Satan's hive, I will sketch it as briefly as I can. He is to be seen anxiously hovering about when there is an appearance of bona fide business being transacted. His ear, all alive, catches the terms upon which a bet about being booked has been effected. It may be that a grim, hungry Leg has got well on: he lights up with a ghastly smile: now the "eleemosynary" sees is *his* time: he pounces on him: cajoles, implores, and does him finally out of *a little fish* a shade under market price. Having thus tickled the Leg out of a bet, a point or two under the current odds, he is off on the instant, lest the rate of exchange alter, and hedges, *with the pull in his favor*, with another of the fraternity. It would seem as if it was the nature of gaming to generate an atmosphere in which all its followers, without distinction, become sophisticated. The system which I have described would imply a degree of cold-blooded method beyond the influence of all other earthly moving—but it is not so. There is a regular concatenation of these wager-ghouls who live upon the brains of each other, until the refinement of their gains has no representative in the current coin of the realm.

Again, it is perfectly familiar among betting men that there are some frequenters of Tattersall's and the provincial Rings, who never lay out their money at the prices that are generally current, *and these get on at their own figures*. I dare say it will strike the reader as impossible that a class, proverbially astute, submit, nay volunteer quietly, to be done out of three or four per cent. by parties *known* to them as regulating their traffic exclusively upon the principle of having points in the odds conceded in their favor; nevertheless such is the fact. One of the most industrious of these indefatigables is old Spring, the well-known ex-box-keeper of Drury Lane, who having got together some forty thousand pounds, now ruralizes in his Tusculum between Brydges-street and the Strand. In the sear and yellow leaf, and almost blind, there is scarce a race course in the South at which he is not to be met, following business as anxiously as though his existence depended upon his daily gains. His manner and vocabulary still retain the flavor of sword and perriwig, a dash of the olden time mingles with all he says and does. What secret spring of nature first moved him to his present calling is as much a mystery as the impulses of Etna or Vesuvius. It could not be love of gold, for of that he has more than he needs, and his habits are not those of the miser, who hoards simply that he may hoard. The ex-box-keeper is a *bon vivant*, loves his dinner and his bottle, and enjoys them to boot. It cannot be for excitement that he toils, for it is clear he rarely, if ever, stands to an event, save a certainty. I often amuse myself by watching him. Perhaps the scene is laid at Newmarket. It is morning, and standing opposite to the Star, his accustomed hostel, I have him on the dead set for a trainer on the return from the heath. To see his *manœuvres* to catch, or after one is fairly captured! How he works to dodge to windward or forge ahead of him. And now he rigs the pump, first gently goes the sucker, and then pipe all hands to the engine. Poor old boy! I would not handle thee and thine eccentricities too roughly, but of a verity thou mightest lay out the little principal of life that remaineth to thee in a more profitable investment.

There is a *clique* seen at Tattersall's (a very limited one, for it is too un-English to possess many members), consisting of would-be Legs, boobies without brains or shame, who kill their Mondays at the Corner simply "to boast of vices which they *can't* commit." Having nothing to do, there or elsewhere, they set up for sporting gentlemen upon a capital of a double-breasted green coat, a blue neck-cloth, and a Mackintosh without a waist. The majority of this hermaphrodite body is composed of superannuated clerks from the public offices—single instances of the *ci-devant jeune home* very shocking to any contemplative mind. There is one of these, a *detache* of Somerset House, that gives me the ague when he crosses me. He is a little old meagre man, who, by the connivance of his tailor, transforms himself into a figure as unnatural and unholy as the slaty monster of Frankenstein. His back is towards you, and you settle with yourself that it belongs to a youth of fifteen; he turns, and oh, horror of horrors! you have a little wizened face like an ourang outang's in his grand climacteric. Should he read this faithful portraiture of himself, and venture but to hint that I have stinted him of his fair proportions, let him but muster courage to stand a wager, and I'll take his own odds, that I back him into any theatre in the metropolis for *half-price*.

Passing strange as truth has been declared by one who knew, better than most men, the scenes of party-colored life, on no spot of civilized earth does it stand forth, out-heroding the wildest fictions, as at Tattersall's! Mankind has been exhibited as evincing stoical endurance under all the ills that flesh is heir to save one,—"keep your hands out of its breeches' pockets." But observe it at Hyde Park Corner, with its pouch unbuttoned, the precious freight ready to leap into the palm of the first hungry villain that will clutch it. I am prepared to anticipate that many who read this will set it down to the account of ignorance or spleen; let them bear with me a little longer, and I shall not fear either sentence. For the purpose of being within the memory of every man connected with the Turf, and consequently open to instant detection, should I vary, however minutely, from the simple fact, I will confine the examples that I bring to support my position, to instances taken from the events of the last five years. Of the deeds of chicanery, swindling and scoundrelism, whereby, in that short period, the Turf has been so often devastated, the springs are shown to you as readily as would be a cloudless noonday sun. A difference may exist as to the tributary streams, but of the fountain heads there is but one opinion. Let a stranger visit the emporium of sporting traffic upon any public day during the year, and upon application to the first groom-boy he may accost, shall be pointed out to him the movers of every racing robbery for the last dozen years, meditated or perpetrated, without the least reluctance or emotion, except indeed at the ignorance which the enquiry would betray. Leaving generalities, let us now look into details.

During the last five years, to which I propose confining myself, Doncaster (as more remote, the safer arena) has been the principal scene of operation with the Legs. There, to begin with 1832, as ignominious a sample of rascality was openly exhibited as ever human ingenuity invented. In that year's Leger, Beardsworth (surely I need not say who *he* was) had a colt named Ludlow, that had run very promisingly, and was backed for that race to a considerable amount at 12 to 1—low odds because the field was good. On my arrival at Doncaster some odd rumors reached me, which were soon put to rest by Beardsworth declaring in my presence, that his horse was for sale, "*to race or to boil*," for £5000. The instant effect of this announcement was to send him back in the odds to 100 to 1 against him. The object in this case never was to sell the horse, because that could have been easily done, under the rose, to the Legs, who would have bought him to lay against; the purchase money being so easily made right by subscription from such parties as had already betted that way. The *ruse* was accounted for in many ways,—no doubt it was a very productive one, for, bad as the character of Beardsworth was antecedently, this at once enveloped him in infamy. Public indignation could scarcely be restrained within any bounds at such avowed scoundrelism; an explanation was insisted upon, when one of a *private* nature was offered to the Steward, Lord Uxbridge, by one of the brothers Bond, Ephraim, I believe. This would not be listened to by Lord Uxbridge, and eventually, upon being called upon in the public betting-room for a solution of the "disgraceful farce," Mr. Bond admitted that Ludlow had been purchased by himself, brothers, *and a fourth party*, but who that fourth was never came to light. The horse started and lost of course—and men were found besotted enough to regard their losses upon such a race as debts of *honor*, and to pay them! Messrs. Richardson and Wagstaff came in for their proportion of the credit of this affair—but what of that! Beardsworth indeed is dead, and his memory is spoken of when any monstrous malefaction needs illustration, but the rest are all "honorable men" by the currency of sporting courtesy.

As I promised, when speaking of Mr. James Bland, a further notice of Mr. Charles Wagstaff, it will serve here as a rider to the Ludlow farce. I have already premised, that he is by no means indebted to nature upon the score of personal endowment, but she has given him one essential requisite for his *calling*—lungs that could split the sides of a tap-room; and he does not hide his candle under a bushel; often, when the wind has been fair, have I, at the saddling stables on Newmarket Heath, heard him occupying his business at the Duke's Stand—a brace of honest miles and no mistake. But is this stated in individual reproach? Surely not. The industry of the one cannot be wrong in a pursuit which is regarded fitting as concerns the many. Wagstaff must be a man of talent, and as such entitled to our consideration. I say it advisedly, that in his own particular circle at Cambridge he was not, at least some five or six years ago, considered as possessed of any great command of capital; and yet, when the interests of himself and friends required it, he came forward and gave the Marquis of Sligo three thousand guineas for his horse Fang, another Leger favorite that was not destined to be the winner. The Saddler, another horse that belonged to this gentleman and his party, was unfortunate upon one or two occasions in not quite realizing the full amount of public expectation. Ill-natured people were found to grumble about these matters, but we know there is nothing at which spleen and disappointment will stop.

In 1832, nearer home, racing affairs were a little under a cloud, inasmuch as rumor was very busy about the winner of the Derby. Some said St. Giles was four years old, and some that he was five! I offer no opinion, but I am bound to say, that having had recently a conversation with the best authority as to his age—I mean Mr. John Scott, his explanation was perfectly clear and convincing. When I want to put a Yorkshire Turfite upon his mettle, a word of suspicion about St. Giles is sure to answer my purpose. I used him lately to draw out a leading trainer from that county, and the result was the following:—"We can win a Derby without having recourse to such tricks as you allude to, but they have been tried with the Leger and failed. *I know that Sir Hercules ran for it at four years old*, and could make nothing of it then. There was Pilgrim, too, that I detected, that had been raced as two years old when he was three, and as three when he was four. We have had the game played more than once in the north."

In 1834 Plenipo, after beating the best lot of horses probably ever seen in the south of England, was sent to Doncaster. If ever there was a racing certainty, it was that, barring accidents, he must win the Leger. He *was* well, and on the Thursday, at Tattersall's, the last betting day previous to the race, backed at even with the field, when a commission arrived from a certain party, to lay against him to any amount. That he was made safe may be gathered from the fact, that Conelly, his jockey, told me he expected every moment, as he rode him up to the post to start, that he would have lain down with him on the course. In 1835, the Queen of Trumps stood as high for the Leger as her great predecessor had done the year before. On this affair a downright robbery was attempted, without any more precaution than if the parties concerned had called to you to stand and deliver at noon-day in Regent-street. On the day before the race, *a gentleman* waited upon Mr. Mostyn and offered him *seven thousand pounds* for his mare—by no side wind, be it remembered—but actually accosting him, as Tom Hood would say, "like a crocodile with the bank notes in his hand." Mr. Mostyn was man of the world enough to know that cash was cash though Beelzebub should present it on the fork of his tail; but he knew also that there was such a thing as honor, and therefore he coupled the sale with a stipulation, that "the Queen should start, and start to win." Of course this formed no part of the bargain contemplated, and there the negociation ended.

These examples, without tediously multiplying them, will answer my purpose, which is to show the unaccountable fatuity by which men of supposed common sense expose themselves to the certainty of being victimized by knaves, as well known to the sporting circles as ever was Jonathan Wild to the runners of Bow Street. That cheating at horse racing has been practised by persons in a far different condition of life to the professional Leg is too notorious to be insisted on here. But the anomaly is, that your Leg can cheat, or try to cheat, as often as he pleases, and return to the charge again as if nothing had ever happened. He shall openly plunder nineteen men, and while rifling them, the twentieth shall offer himself for a victim. One rich sample of this, which many of the Ring will call to mind, I will offer in proof of my last assertion, that nothing short of actual felony is too monstrous for a genuine Leg, or sufficient to banish him from professional practice. The party active was Beardsworth, at the time playing first fiddle on the provincial turf; the party passive—he who has to record his folly. After winning the Leger with Birmingham in 1830, in the subsequent year with that horse, one or two others out of which he had swindled my unhappy friend Mytton, and certainly a superior team of young ones (Ludlow among the lot), he carried everything before him. At Chester that year, during the five days, he ran, as well as my memory serves me, for several races every day, *and won every race for which he started*,—a piece of good luck probably without a racing precedent. It was at that Meeting that the event occurred, and with which it is our present business. For the Cup, Birmingham was the favorite, at 2 to 1 on him. One of my horses had been entered for that race, but had gone lame a few days before. Of this fact Beardsworth was, of course, aware, and on the day upon which it was to come off, he overtook me on the way to the course, entered into conversation, expressed his regret that my horse was amiss, and concluded by telling me that Birmingham was never so well, and that he must win, barring a fall. He still continued to ride with me, and at last said, "You had better back me, the race is as good as over, and you may as well put a hundred into your pocket as not." I expressed my determination not to go within hearing of a bet again during the meeting; the accident to my horse had upset me, and I had been out of luck beside—lost everything I tried for—"when sorrows come they come not single spies," &c. &c. The slimy tempter was not so easily to be escaped: "Let me do it for you," he urged; "you really are your own enemy—its throwing the money from you—just let me lay two hundred to one—come, never say die." I looked a reluctant consent, and he left me. As the horses were coming up to start a voice hailed me from the Stand—it was Beardsworth, who said, "I have done that for you; I have laid your two hundred to one Birmingham wins." Here was a public notice that I had made a bet to such effect. The race was run, and Birmingham was the winner. The following morning, in the Hotel Row, the settling place for Chester betting, I met my obliging factor: "I have a hundred to take from you on yesterday's Cup," said I. "It's all right," was the reply; "I'll give it you in a few minutes." A second and a third application met with similar success. The next day the same story. Saturday morning arrived, and I was informed Beardsworth was just leaving town, *his travelling carriage and four* being then in waiting for him at the Royal Hotel door. Thither I hastened, and found him with his foot upon the step, his wife and daughter having already taken their seats. "Come, come," said I, "this is rather cavalier work; you might have called or sent to say you were going, or at all events have enclosed me my money. I desire you will at once hand me the hundred pounds about which there has been too much shuffling already." "I have not been able to find the person with whom I laid the money for you," stammered out the knave. "Never mind," said I, "give me his name, that will suit me quite as well." "His name"—after a pause, "oh! his name is Smith." "His place of residence?" "That I don't know." "Well, his christian name and description?" "A tall man; but I cannot tell his christian name, or anything else about him." "And so," I exclaimed, losing my patience, but unwilling to alarm the women in the carriage, "you wagered my money with a stranger of whom you know nothing, or whether his credit was good for sixpence." I said this in my unconscious verdancy—literally I believed the man; I never before heard such rascality, and it was too refined for my imagining. "Its all gammon," said a voice at my elbow, and turning, I discovered the speaker was Robinson, the well-known Asmodeus of the ring, "there's no such betting man as Smith; he laid the money with you himself to hedge to; if Birmingham lost, there were your brace of hundreds to sack, and nothing to pay should he lose; it's a scandalous *plant* as ever was laid." I never of course received a shilling from him; but the wonder is to come. Everywhere I went I published the affair, and all who knew how I had been *done* did the same; nevertheless have I seen those who were perfectly cognizant of it, and who had been warned against the fellow, bet their hundreds with him with as much alacrity as though his honor were as unimpeachable as that of Cæsar's wife.

It may seem as if something of reproach were intended by the epithet applied to Robinson; such is by no means the case, it was merely meant to represent the *sobriquet* of "Crutch," by which he is known in the betting world. I have always heard him spoken of as a man who conducted himself on the square, and his face is as honest and good-humored a frontispiece as you will see in a thousand. His origin was a very humble one, that of a blacksmith I think; indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the forge in which he used to work was, not long ago, pointed out to me, in the neighborhood of his present residence. He is the very last man that, were you asked his way of life, you would pronounce a Leg. Still I have heard that from his infancy he was a disciple of the blind goddess. There was not a lad in the parish could sky a copper with him, and lame as he was, not a country race from which he was absent. Notwithstanding his apparent unfitness for a profession which would seem to demand more than an usual alacrity of person as well as mind, his career has been clearly a prosperous one, having stood the great test—time.

Not the least remarkable tableau at Tattersall's is one in which our friend is wont to occupy a prominent place. There is a spot upon which a small select party has assembled. On one side probably my Lord Chesterfield, with his fine aristocratic head, attired a shade beyond the *juste milieu*, but in all things "a finished gentleman from top to toe." His *Grace* of Beaufort inheriting prodigally from nature the quality which his coronet superfluously supplies. George Anson, un-honorabled, and un-coloneled, with the sterling stamp of good taste and good breeding to ensure him the currency of respect and esteem, and it may be, *the* Count, whose faultless toilet and person has won the hearts of one sex; his *bonhomie* and dishevelled vocabulary those of the other. In the centre of this courtly group stands, or rather hangs suspended from a singularly unambitious piece of ash, our plain unsophisticated "Crutch." Talk of the ease which high breeding alone bestows, look at him: is there any want of freedom there? Nothing offensively familiar, no presumption, no vulgar effort after ease, but natural and inherent as if it emanated from all the blood of all the Howards. It is by no means certain that sporting forms any part of their business. Probably the chit-chat of the day—provincial matters, or perhaps something a little in keeping with the scene. Be it what it may, you will find Robinson an attentive member of the party, not a cringing hanger-on. The respect with which he demeans himself on all occasions has ensured him payment in the same currency. And probably the disposition, to which he owes his position among his superiors, has been the foundation and support of his present prosperity. I believe him to be a cautious and observant man; prone to weigh, and disposed to adopt counsel, and who appears in all he does to act upon that truly wise axiom, which by some strange chance owes its existence to our gay and thoughtless neighbors—"Le vrai moyen d'etre trompe c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres."

London (Old) Monthly Magazine for Oct.

* Lord George Bentinck. See Spirit of the Times, containing the 1st number of Craven's series of Tableaux.

A BATTLE WITH A TIGER.

There is now living in the village of Kildwick, in Craven, Yorkshire, a Mr. Turner, who, at an early period of his life, was in the East Indies as a soldier in one of the regiments stationed there. When encamped at Ganjam, on the Malabar coast, he had a dreadful personal conflict with a huge tiger. With the particulars of the affair Mr. Turner himself has obligingly furnished the world. He is probably the only living instance of an individual encountering a tiger under such circumstances, and remaining, as he certainly did so, by the retreat of the enemy, master of the field. On the day the regiment arrived at Ganjam, two men belonging to it, named Bateman and Murray, had gone upon a contiguous mountain without fire-arms, and had been put to considerable consternation by a large black bear. The next morning they invited Mr. Turner to accompany them to the same place, and took with them two muskets and bayonets, with six rounds of ammunition as a prudential defence against the dangers they might probably encounter.

Having ascended the summit of the mountain, Mr. Turner perceived a small loose rock, upon the edge of a lofty precipice, and tumbled it down for the purpose of disturbing from their lurking places the wild and savage tenantry of the place. The result was immediately seen, for one of the party immediately shouted out "A tiger! a tiger!" and fired upon it, when they all immediately recognized a large royal tiger, that turned his eyes upon his enemies, and paralysed them with a dreadful roar, as he doubled the angle of the mountain in proceeding to his lair. This unfortunately lay directly upon the path by which they had ascended the mountain; and being the only safe road by which they could descend the eminence, the tiger's position cut off their retreat.

Recovering a little from their consternation, Bateman and Murray proposed to attempt their escape in another direction; while Mr. Turner, more courageous, was for facing the foe, and offered to fire upon the tiger if his companions would load their pieces. Mr. Turner had barely secured a favorable position for the attack, as his eye met that of the tiger, who, with an amazing bound and dreadful roar, sprang up the cliff to meet him. The assailant fired, and the tiger fell, tumbling down the rocks he had ascended with so much agility; but recovering himself, the monster made a second spring, with a roar of agonised fury, when he received Mr. Turner's second ball, which tumbled him again backwards. Again the tiger returned to the charge, more infuriated from the effects of each successive shot; when Mr. Turner's companions called out that their ammunition was expended, and advised their escape by the back of the mountain. Against this he remonstrated from his own perilous position, and urged them to stand by him; but they were deaf to all remonstrance, and disgracefully left him to the fury of the tiger, whose near approach was announced by a roar more terrific than he had previously uttered.

Mr. Turner had but a moment to place himself in a posture of defence, when the infuriated animal sprung at him, and received the bayonet into his breast up to the muzzle of the musket. In the attempt to disengage the bayonet from the tiger's chest, however, it became separated from the musket, which Mr. Turner instantly clubbed, and, with every energy that fear and courage could supply, he struck the tiger with such force as slightly to fracture his skull, whilst the firelock was broken by the blow into three pieces.

Up to that moment the hardy soldier had not received a slight scratch, though he had inflicted many severe wounds upon his adversary; but his present position was the extreme of peril, being unarmed and completely defenceless before an enraged tiger, whose wounds appeared to make him more dreadfully infuriate. The tiger sprung at the head of his victim, and immediately brought him to the ground, and seizing him by the right shoulder, he lifted him from the earth with a furious shake, tearing his body across the loins from side to side. In a very short period thirty-three wounds were inflicted on the body of Mr. Turner, whilst his garments, which were a sort of undress of light calico, were torn to shreds and drenched in blood; indeed, all that remained of his dress upon the mangled body were the waistband of the pantaloons and the collar of his shirt.

Though thus dreadfully mutilated, shaken, and torn by the savage beast, Mr. Turner had the presence of mind to fix his grasp in a wound which one of the musket balls had made in the neck of the tiger, and tore out a quantity of ragged flesh from the interior of the wound. From the pain thus inflicted upon the tiger, he uttered a tremendous roar, which was distinctly heard in the camp, a mile distant, and then took his departure. For some moments Mr. Turner lay upon the rock insensible; but a voice from two Europeans, exclaiming, "Turner's killed!" roused him, and jumping on his feet, cried out, "I am worth twenty dead men yet!" Being taken into the camp, his wounds were carefully examined and dressed, and happily pronounced not mortal.

The result justified the decision; by careful treatment, Mr. Turner so far recovered as to be able to revisit the scene of the battle in about a month from the period when it took place. The dead body of the tiger was found the morning after the affray, upon the bank of a small rivulet, whither he had gone to quench his thirst. Mr. Turner very naturally observes, that the recollections of this perilous conflict, though more than thirty years have rolled over since its occurrence, is still frequently attended with emotions of wonder and terror.

ENGLISH SPORTING ITEMS.

Mr. Biggs has sold *Little Red Rover* to Captain Lord Dorchester, 7th Hussars, for 100 guineas.

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Every one has heard of the decrotteur of the Pont des Arts, and his dog.—The story is like a "Joe Miller," it is so well known; but it is unlike one, too, for it is true. The poor man, with his dog, his box, his blacking, and his brushes, took up his abode in the Pont des Arts. The station was an excellent one apparently, delightfully dirty, with a kennel enough to rejoice the heart of any decrotteur—a great thoroughfare, and no rival cleaners. All promised fair; but, alas! promises are not always performed, and our poor decrotteur was destined to learn that hopes founded upon mud are as frail as those based upon sand. Everything was against him; the weather turned out as bad as it could be—nothing but brightness and sunshine; and even when it did rain, and the streets looked muddy and good for trade, the provoking dirt seemed never to stick, and, somehow or other, people had an unlucky knack of walking over the Pont des Arts without soiling a shoe. The poor man was in despair; it was evident that he, his box, his blacking, and his brushes, were destined to have a sinecure post of it. The dog did not so much mind having nothing to do; but then he had nothing to eat, and that was very inconvenient. "Necessity is the mother of invention," saith an old proverb. Whether it was necessity or idleness, or both, that inspired our good friend, I know not; but certain it is that he set his wits to work in default of his fingers. In a happy moment he resolved on the expedient of making his dog the instrument of his fortunes. All his leisure—poor fellow, he had enough of that!—was employed in training the animal to go down to the edge of the Seine, begrime himself with mud, and then, sallying forth into the street, to smear the shoes and clothes of the passers over the bridge. The expedient succeeded to admiration. Between the dog and his master, one constantly dirtying and the other industriously cleaning, the box was always constantly covered with muddy feet, and its owner's pocket filled with sous. But fame, that makes the fortunes of so many, marred that of the decrotteur du Pont des Arts. His ruse became noised abroad, and of course, failed. I believe he and his dog have now disappeared from the scene of their labors; but a friend told me that, a few years since, he saw the latter prepare for his part in the business, by rolling himself in the mud of the river's brink, and that he watched his subsequent movements with the greatest interest.

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Generally speaking, the Scotch enjoy *persiflage*, and the Irish are apt to take fire at it. After a mess-dinner of the 21st (Royal North British Fusileers), always a gallant and gentlemanly corps, of a very national character, there had been a good deal of proud reflection upon the stern faith of the North Britons, in their treaties with other powers. A lively boy who had recently joined, observed to some of the elders that he had a legend in confirmation of the claim, and narrated it accordingly.

"Few of our histories refer to a very sanguinary war that subsisted between an early Scotch king and a king of the Land's End. Scottish valor prevailed, and news was brought of the complete success of an expedition against the Cornish strongholds. The monarch was elated beyond measure, and sending for his principal adviser, Lord Alexander ———, addressed him:—

'Weel, Sandy, is there any other king I can bring to submission the noo?'

'An' it please your majesty, there is but ane king whom you canna vanquish.'

'Ane king that I canna vanquish! An' wha's he, mon?'

'I mean, your majesty, the King of Haven.'

'Haven! Haven! what's that, Sandy?'

His Lordship pointed to the sky, and then bowed becomingly to his royal master, who did not quite comprehend what was meant, and feared to betray a geographical ignorance by inquiring more particularly than he had already done.

'Nae matter, Sandy; gang and tell the King o' Haven that gin he does na surrender his dominions at once, I'll come and bang him oot of them. And mind, my Lord, you dinna shew yer face before us till you have done our bidding.'

This was an embarrassing position for the noble favourite, who knew that expostulation, or even explanation, was too dangerous to be attempted at such a moment. He therefore retired submissively, and consulted a priest. This progenitor of Loyola consoled him by the assurance that, on an occasion of the kind, it was quite allowable to tranquilise a monarch of weak understanding by putting an artificial construction on certain passages of scripture. Lord Alexander appeared, accordingly, in the royal presence, and was instantly observed by his gracious master.

'Weel, Sandy, and what says the King o' Haven?'

'Please your majesty, I have na seen himsel', but I have conferred with ane of his accredited ministers, and he solemnly engages that your majesty may hae his kingdom for asking for.'

These examples, without tediously multiplying them, will answer my purpose, which is to show the unaccountable fatuity by which men of supposed common sense expose themselves to the certainty of being victimized by knaves, as well known to the sporting circles as ever was Jonathan Wild to the runners of Bow Street. That cheating at horse racing has been practised by persons in a far different condition of life to the professional Leg is too notorious to be insisted on here. But the anomaly is, that your Leg can cheat, or try to cheat, as often as he pleases, and return to the charge again as if nothing had ever happened. He shall openly plunder nineteen men, and while rifling them, the twentieth shall offer himself for a victim. One rich sample of this, which many of the Ring will call to mind, I will offer in proof of my last assertion, that nothing short of actual felony is too monstrous for a genuine Leg, or sufficient to banish him from professional practice. The party active was Beardsworth, at the time playing first fiddle on the provincial turf; the party passive—he who has to record his folly. After winning the Leger with Birmingham in 1830, in the subsequent year with that horse, one or two others out of which he had swindled my unhappy friend Mytton, and certainly a superior team of young ones (Ludlow among the lot), he carried everything before him. At Chester that year, during the five days, he ran, as well as my memory serves me, for several races every day, *and won every race for which he started*,—a piece of good luck probably without a racing precedent. It was at that Meeting that the event occurred, and with which it is our present business. For the Cup, Birmingham was the favorite, at 2 to 1 on him. One of my horses had been entered for that race, but had gone lame a few days before. Of this fact Beardsworth was, of course, aware, and on the day upon which it was to come off, he overtook me on the way to the course, entered into conversation, expressed his regret that my horse was amiss, and concluded by telling me that Birmingham was never so well, and that he must win, barring a fall. He still continued to ride with me, and at last said, "You had better back me, the race is as good as over, and you may as well put a hundred into your pocket as not." I expressed my determination not to go within hearing of a bet again during the meeting; the accident to my horse had upset me, and I had been out of luck besides—lost everything I tried for—"when sorrows come they come not single spies," &c. &c. The slimy tempter was not so easily to be escaped: "Let me do it for you," he urged; "you really are your own enemy—its throwing the money from you—just let me lay two hundred to one—come, never say die." I looked a reluctant consent, and he left me. As the horses were coming up to start a voice hailed me from the Stand—it was Beardsworth, who said, "I have done that for you; I have laid your two hundred to one Birmingham wins." Here was a public notice that I had made a bet to such effect. The race was run, and Birmingham was the winner. The following morning, in the Hotel Row, the settling place for Chester betting, I met my obliging factor: "I have a hundred to take from you on yesterday's Cup," said I. "It's all right," was the reply; "I'll give it you in a few minutes." A second and a third application met with similar success. The next day the same story. Saturday morning arrived, and I was informed Beardsworth was just leaving town, *his travelling carriage and four* being then in waiting for him at the Royal Hotel door. Thither I hastened, and found him with his foot upon the step, his wife and daughter having already taken their seats. "Come, come," said I, "this is rather cavalier work; you might have called or sent to say you were going, or at all events have enclosed me my money. I desire you will at once hand me the hundred pounds about which there has been too much shuffling already." "I have not been able to find the person with whom I laid the money for you," stammered out the knave. "Never mind," said I, "give me his name, that will suit me quite as well." "His name"—after a pause, "oh! his name is Smith." "His place of residence?" "That I don't know." "Well, his christian name and description?" "A tall man; but I cannot tell his christian name, or anything else about him." "And so," I exclaimed, losing my patience, but unwilling to alarm the women in the carriage, "you wagered my money with a stranger of whom you know nothing, or whether his credit was good for sixpence." I said this in my unconscious verdancy—literally I believed the man; I never before heard such rascality, and it was too refined for my imagining. "Its all gammon," said a voice at my elbow, and turning, I discovered the speaker was Robinson, the well-known Asmodeus of the ring, "there's no such betting man as Smith; he laid the money with you himself to hedge to; if Birmingham lost, there were your brace of hundreds to sack, and nothing to pay should he lose; it's a scandalous *plant* as ever was laid." I never of course received a shilling from him; but the wonder is to come. Everywhere I went I published the affair, and all who knew how I had been *done* did the same; nevertheless have I seen those who were perfectly cognizant of it, and who had been warned against the fellow, bet their hundreds with him with as much alacrity as though his honor were as unimpeachable as that of Cæsar's wife.

It may seem as if something of reproach were intended by the epithet applied to Robinson; such is by no means the case, it was merely meant to represent the *sobriquet* of "Crutch," by which he is known in the betting world. I have always heard him spoken of as a man who conducted himself on the square, and his face is as honest and good-humored a frontispiece as you will see in a thousand. His origin was a very humble one, that of a blacksmith I think; indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the forge in which he used to work was, not long ago, pointed out to me, in the neighborhood of his present residence. He is the very last man that, were you asked his way of life, you would pronounce a Leg. Still I have heard that from his infancy he was a disciple of the blind goddess. There was not a lad in the parish could sky a copper with him, and lame as he was, not a country race from which he was absent. Notwithstanding his apparent unfitness for a profession which would seem to demand more than an usual alacrity of person as well as mind, his career has been clearly a prosperous one, having stood the great test—time.

Not the least remarkable tableau at Tattersall's is one in which our friend is wont to occupy a prominent place. There is a spot upon which a small select party has assembled. On one side probably my Lord Chesterfield, with his fine aristocratic head, attired a shade beyond the *juste millieu*, but in all things "a finished gentleman from top to toe." His *Grace* of Beaufort inheriting prodigally from nature the quality which his coronet superfluously supplies. George Anson, un-honorabled, and un-coloneled, with the sterling stamp of good taste and good breeding to ensure him the currency of respect and esteem, and it may be, *the* Count, whose faultless toilet and person has won the hearts of one sex; his *bonhomie* and dishevelled vocabulary those of the other. In the centre of this courtly group stands, or rather hangs suspended from a singularly unambitious piece of ash, our plain unsophisticated "Crutch." Talk of the ease which high breeding alone bestows, look at him: is there any want of freedom there? Nothing offensively familiar, no presumption, no vulgar effort after ease, but natural and inherent as if it emanated from all the blood of all the Howards. It is by no means certain that sporting forms any part of their business. Probably the chit-chat of the day—provincial matters, or perhaps something a little in keeping with the scene. Be it what it may, you will find Robinson an attentive member of the party, not a cringing hanger-on. The respect with which he demeans himself on all occasions has ensured him payment in the same currency. And probably the disposition, to which he owes his position among his superiors, has been the foundation and support of his present prosperity. I believe him to be a cautious and observant man; prone to weigh, and disposed to adopt counsel, and who appears in all he does to act upon that truly wise axiom, which by some strange chance owes its existence to our gay and thoughtless neighbors—"Le vrai moyen d'etre trompe c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres."

London (Old) Monthly Magazine for Oct.

A BATTLE WITH A TIGER.

There is now living in the village of Kildwick, in Craven, Yorkshire, a Mr. Turner, who, at an early period of his life, was in the East Indies as a soldier in one of the regiments stationed there. When encamped at Ganjam, on the Malabar coast, he had a dreadful personal conflict with a huge tiger. With the particulars of the affair Mr. Turner himself has obligingly furnished the world. He is probably the only living instance of an individual encountering a tiger under such circumstances, and remaining, as he certainly did so, by the retreat of the enemy, master of the field. On the day the regiment arrived at Ganjam, two men belonging to it, named Bateman and Murray, had gone upon a contiguous mountain without fire-arms, and had been put to considerable consternation by a large black bear. The next morning they invited Mr. Turner to accompany them to the same place, and took with them two muskets and bayonets, with six rounds of ammunition as a prudential defence against the dangers they might probably encounter.

Having ascended the summit of the mountain, Mr. Turner perceived a small loose rock, upon the edge of a lofty precipice, and tumbled it down for the purpose of disturbing from their lurking places the wild and savage tenantry of the place. The result was immediately seen, for one of the party immediately shouted out "A tiger! a tiger!" and fired upon it, when they all immediately recognized a large royal tiger, that turned his eyes upon his enemies, and paralysed them with a dreadful roar, as he doubled the angle of the mountain in proceeding to his lair. This unfortunately lay directly upon the path by which they had ascended the mountain; and being the only safe road by which they could descend the eminence, the tiger's position cut off their retreat.

Recovering a little from their consternation, Bateman and Murray proposed to attempt their escape in another direction; while Mr. Turner, more courageous, was for facing the foe, and offered to fire upon the tiger if his companions would load their pieces. Mr. Turner had barely secured a favorable position for the attack, as his eye met that of the tiger, who, with an amazing bound and dreadful roar, sprang up the cliff to meet him. The assailant fired, and the tiger fell, tumbling down the rocks he had ascended with so much agility; but recovering himself, the monster made a second spring, with a roar of agonised fury, when he received Mr. Turner's second ball, which tumbled him again backwards. Again the tiger returned to the charge, more infuriated from the effects of each successive shot; when Mr. Turner's companions called out that their ammunition was expended, and advised their escape by the back of the mountain. Against this he remonstrated from his own perilous position, and urged them to stand by him; but they were deaf to all remonstrance, and disgracefully left him to the fury of the tiger, whose near approach was announced by a roar more terrific than he had previously uttered.

Mr. Turner had but a moment to place himself in a posture of defence, when the infuriated animal sprung at him, and received the bayonet into his breast up to the muzzle of the musket. In the attempt to disengage the bayonet from the tiger's chest, however, it became separated from the musket, which Mr. Turner instantly clubbed, and, with every energy that fear and courage could supply, he struck the tiger with such force as slightly to fracture his skull, whilst the firelock was broken by the blow into three pieces.

Up to that moment the hardy soldier had not received a slight scratch, though he had inflicted many severe wounds upon his adversary; but his present position was the extreme of peril, being unarmed and completely defenceless before an enraged tiger, whose wounds appeared to make him more dreadfully infuriate. The tiger sprung at the head of his victim, and immediately brought him to the ground, and seizing him by the right shoulder, he lifted him from the earth with a furious shake, tearing his body across the loins from side to side. In a very short period thirty-three wounds were inflicted on the body of Mr. Turner, whilst his garments, which were a sort of undress of light calico, were torn to shreds and drenched in blood; indeed, all that remained of his dress upon the mangled body were the waistband of the pantaloons and the collar of his shirt.

Though thus dreadfully mutilated, shaken, and torn by the savage beast, Mr. Turner had the presence of mind to fix his grasp in a wound which one of the musket balls had made in the neck of the tiger, and tore out a quantity of ragged flesh from the interior of the wound. From the pain thus inflicted upon the tiger, he uttered a tremendous roar, which was distinctly heard in the camp, a mile distant, and then took his departure. For some moments Mr. Turner lay upon the rock insensible; but a voice from two Europeans, exclaiming, "Turner's killed!" roused him, and jumping on his feet, cried out, "I am worth twenty dead men yet!" Being taken into the camp, his wounds were carefully examined and dressed, and happily pronounced not mortal.

The result justified the decision; by careful treatment, Mr. Turner so far recovered as to be able to revisit the scene of the battle in about a month from the period when it took place. The dead body of the tiger was found the morning after the affray, upon the bank of a small rivulet, whither he had gone to quench his thirst. Mr. Turner very naturally observes, that the recollections of this perilous conflict, though more than thirty years have rolled over since its occurrence, is still frequently attended with emotions of wonder and terror.

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'Please your majesty, I have na seen himsel', but I have conferred with ane of his accredited ministers, and he solemnly engages that your majesty may hae his kingdom for asking for.'

'Was he sae ceevil?' inquired the monarch, warmed to magnanimity by the assurance; 'then een gang yer gait there ance more, and tell the King o' Haven that for his ceevility, nae a Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom.'

There was a silence, the interchange of some grave and inquiring looks, under which the neophite felt ill at ease, and then a good-humored acknowledgment of the young Pickle's pleasantry. They were satisfied that no disrespect was meant, either to the country they honored, or towards the religion they held more sacred still; and, during his whole stay in the 21st, the same individual experienced nothing but kindness from his senior officers.

Frazer's Magazine.

The ever lively "Boz" has hit off to admiration, in the last number of the *Pickwick Papers*, the peculiar beauties of the "raw beef steak and cayenne pepper" regimen, to which your political Gladiator on both sides the Atlantic, is wont to treat his opponents, during the heat and excitement engendered by a contested election. Here is a specimen:—

"A reptile contemporary has recently sweltered forth his black venom in the vain and hopeless attempt of sullying the fair fame of our distinguished and excellent representative, the Honorable Mr. Slumkey—that Slumkey whom we, long before he gained his present noble and exalted position, predicted would one day be, as he now is, at once his country's brightest honor, and her proudest boast; alike her bold defender and her honest pride—our reptile contemporary, we say, has made himself merry at the expense of a superbly embossed plated coal scuttle, which has been presented to that glorious man by his enraptured constituents, and towards the purchase of which, the nameless wretch insinuates, the Honorable Mr. Slumkey himself contributed, through a confidential friend of his butler's, more than three-fourths of the whole sum subscribed. Why, does not the crawling creature see that even if this be the fact, the Honorable Mr. Slumkey only appears in a still more amiable and radiant light than before, if that be possible! Does not even his obtuseness perceive that this amiable and touching desire to carry out the wishes of the constituent body must forever endear him to the hearts and souls of such of his fellow townsmen as are not worse than swine; or, in other words, who are not as debased as our contemporary himself? But such is the wretched trickery of hole-and-corner buffery! These are not its only artifices. Treason is abroad. We boldly state, now that we are goaded to the disclosure, and we throw ourselves on the country and its constables for protection:—we boldly state that secret preparations are at this moment in progress for a Buff ball, which is to be held in a Buff town, in the very heart and centre of a Buff population; which is to be attended by four ultra Buff members of Parliament, and the admission to which is to be by Buff tickets! Does our fiendish contemporary wince? Let him writhe in impotent malice as we pen the words—We will be there."

Again:—"'The Independent Sir,' replied Pott, 'is still dragging on a wretched and lingering career, abhorred and despised by even the few who are cognizant of its miserable and disgraceful existence; stifled by the very filth it so profusely scatters; rendered deaf and blind by the exhalations of its own slime, the obscene journal, happily unconscious of its degraded state, is rapidly sinking beneath that treacherous mud which, while it seems to give it a firm standing with the low and debased classes of society, is, nevertheless rising above its detested head, and will speedily engulf it for ever."

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds. Two mile heats: sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Lionel. [Closed.]
No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats: sub. $300, f. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
" " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]
No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats: sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glenara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]
No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor. [Closed.]
Dec. 9th, 1836.
No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats: sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nebusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———
To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.
No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats: sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.
Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1839. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—
Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmondson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837 [au27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co. Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats: ent. $150, ft. $50. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "knowing ones."
A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.
A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.
A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.
A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.
James M. Henderson | Major J. M. Starke
W. R. Smith | Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eubins
Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.
Major J. D. Williams | Major J. M. Starke
William Nobund | Major J. D. Williams
M. R. Smith | Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.
There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.
[82] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs. Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address
[n18-tlJ] J. W. OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [n27]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side. Apply to
[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animal's condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.
Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [Au26]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactured by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.
N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols
[Sept. 16 St.] W. F. WRAKES, 113, Fulton-street.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses:—
Four mile heats $2000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—3 year olds and under, their appropriate weights; 4 yr. olds and over, 100 lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.
A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.
A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.
Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.
A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.
Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings:
In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shortest race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.
Sweepstakes for 1839-40.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
Sweepstakes for 1840-41.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Gaignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.
For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Ecmey, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.
Sweepstakes for 1841-42.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.
Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A31]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.
Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Je2]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.
Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.
Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.
Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.
Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.
New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [Je17]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [au13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bache, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [Jl6]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.
[oct18 6m.]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.
None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent. RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 9th inst. and will leave there every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola $6. E. MURRAY, Master.
N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [817] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mahomed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed, on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from excitement, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.
Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt St.
[Au12]

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States.
NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS.
EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the Gentleman's Magazine, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*
The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—
Original Tales of Powerful Interest.
Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.
Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.
The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.
The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day.*
An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.
The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.
An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.
Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.
To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerrow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course. Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
NEWBERRY C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match,—heats, $5,000 a-side, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rudolph*, 17th May, 1838
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
TALLAHASSEE, Fl. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th Dec.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

THE CROWN OF LOVE,

A FEMALE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

[The following jeu d'esprit is taken from the last London "World of Fashion."]

The accession of the Queen Victoria—the presence of a young and lovely female sovereign upon the British throne, is eminently calculated to give new tone to the character and manners of British society. Female influence, which has hitherto been more of a poetical fiction, is now likely to become a reality, and we hear of numerous projects on foot to bring the female character into that prominent position which it so well deserves to occupy, but from which it has been excluded by the ingenuity of the more arrogant and powerful sex. One of the most charming of these projects, and which cannot fail to be attended with the brightest and most exhilirating circumstances, is a female order of knighthood, to be called the *Crown of Love*. The preparations are so far completed as to enable us to offer the following particulars to our readers. The chief object of this most noble order is exaltation of female virtue, and the extension of female influence. Other objects are the general improvement of manners; the better regulation of society, and the diffusion of a tone of grace and cultivation throughout all classes in the empire. The honorable state of matrimony, and the probational condition of celibacy, are also amongst the chief cares of the new institution. Her Majesty is the Sovereign of the Order, which (exclusive of the female sovereigns of Europe) will consist of twenty knights commandresses, and double that number of acolytes, who must undergo a probation of three years before they are eligible to the superior rank. The qualifications required of all are, personal beauty and stainless purity of life, devoid of ancestral blemish. The mode of creation, similar in this respect to the Order of the Garter, is by election, subject to the confirmation of the Sovereign, who possesses also the power of nominating to every fourth vacancy. The appointment of acolytes is vested entirely in the Soveteign, who will issue her precepts through the Chancellor of the Order, a lady whose degree must be that of Duchess; the officers are also to be selected exclusively from the female nobility. The following lines comprise the vows to be taken on admission to the Order:

"We swear forward beauty's power,
In court, in camp, in hall, and bower;
To make fair poesy our care.
Minstrels and bards our favor share;
The arts protect, with dance and song,
And all that may to love belong;
Support our will—our queen obey,
Nor suffer men too much to sway."

The privileges of the order are various. In the first place, precedence is accorded to the Knights Commandresses before all others in the realm; they have the sole power of making matches and dissolving engagements; pronouncing without appeal upon the decisions of parents, and irrevocably determine the destinies of children. They are empowered to fix the amount of marriage portions, pin money, separate maintenance, and the fortunes of younger brothers.—They are allowed to arbitrate between husband and wife; a lover and his mistress. The external attributes of the order may be considered to possess some charm. The insignia and decorations of the "Crown of Love," consist of a mantle of violet colored velvet, lined with amber satin, and fastened at the collar with cordons of gold, terminating in heart shaped ornaments. On the left breast of the mantle is worn a star of 8 equal points, having in the centre the emblem of the Order, a heart enamelled red on a silver ground, surmounted by a golden crown, and round it the device, consisting of these two words, "Victoria" "Invincia." The kittle, or surtout, is of white satin, embroidered with golden roses, the shoes of white satin, with golden rosettes, and the cap of violet velvet, bordered with ermine, in which a heron's plume is fastened by an aigrette of diamonds. The collar is of gold, and consists of hearts and crowns alternately united by love-knots, and from it depends the badge of the order. The riband of cerulean blue is worn saltier wise over the right shoulder; and in place of a sword, a richly mounted poniard, called 'Dagger of mercy,' is pendant on the right side from a jewelled girdle of elaborate workmanship. Such is the full costume of the Knights Commandresses of the Crown of Love; their ordinary attire consists simply of a robe of white satin, the riband of the order, and a bandeau of diamonds with a crowned heart in the centre. The acolytes are distinguished by an enamelled heart, worn on the same white dress, without any other ornament. That the greatest exertions are being made among the *elite* of our Noblesse for so enviable a distinction cannot for a moment be doubted.

A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

The *Torch* was lying at anchor in Bloomfield's Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the masthead fell sluggishly down, and clung among the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign that hung from the mizen-peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glass like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a ship-jack; or the flashing troop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stauncheons of the awning could not be grasped with the naked hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens, but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar works and overseer's houses, on the distant estates, appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails under the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were John Crow the black, and Jackoo, the monkey. The former (who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging on the tail of the dolphin-striker, admiring what John Crow called "his own brack ogly face in de water."—"Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft; more base; more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast."

"Two red nightcap, one long knife,
All him get for Quacko,
For gun next day him sell him wife—
You tink dat good song, Jackoo!

"Chockoo, chockoo," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so, sensible honimal! What is dat? shark!—Jackoo, come up, sir: don't you see that big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, I say, Jackoo?" The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

THE COMPARATIVE BEAUTY OF NATIONS.

The comparative beauty of nations will probably be a matter of dispute until the world's end. Custom, taste, circumstances, and necessities, form the standard of national beauty. It is notorious that the African admires thick lips, corpulence, oily skins, and deems black the perfection of color, if color it can be called. The Chinese, whose eyes are formed, in his Tartar state, into two slits, by gazing on the alternate frosts and fire of the Tartarian sands, thinks the large European eye disagreeable. The Frenchman worships the drum-shaped forehead, a turned-up nose, and a pair of eyes the color of rappee. With every foreigner, brown, varying from the color of tobacco-water to coffee-grounds, is the original color of Eve in Paradise, and is indispensable to all living loveliness—With the Englishman, the combination of the lily and the rose, the red and white, by nature's pure and cunning hand laid on, are essential to beauty. It is fortunate that diversity of taste exists, and that each man most values the beauty of his own country; because it is obvious that this diversity of hue and color is the necessary result of time and climate. The burning sun of Africa and India, by a natural process, blackens every complexion. Even the more temperate glare of Southern Europe necessarily embrown the cheek; the features too are the formation of circumstance: the bending of the African brow, the deep sunk eye, the projecting lips, and the high cheek bones, are the palpable result of the natural effort to escape the glare of a fierce sunshine. The eye, equally delicate perhaps in all countries, is in all the chief object of protection; the whole contraction of the features seems to exist solely for the purpose of protecting the eye. It is remarkable that the same effect is produced in cold countries, in tempestuous countries, and in countries broiling under the tropical sun. The Tartar, the Laplander, and the Esquimaux, have all the same height of cheek bone, projection of brow, and narrowness of eye. In every country of the earth, the man of the highlands, the mountaineer, exposed to storms, is narrow-eyed and high cheek-boned. There are, of course, exceptions; but there are African tribes with European features. Some of the East Indians have features formed on classic models; but we speak only of the great classes of mankind. In every instance, the more temperate the climate, the less exposed the national physiognomy is, by dress or circumstance, to the influence of sun and air; and the less glaring the sky, the more perfect is the development of the human countenance. All these advantages are palpably in favor of England; the temperate climate, the colored sky, the general absence of harsh winds, and even the habitual hat or bonnet, which shades the eyes, are all in favor of the softness, shapeliness, and bloom of the English physiognomy. The French peasantry have no protection for the female head in general, except the little twisted handkerchief, which leaves the eyes and the whole face exposed to the burning sun, and, in the course of a few years, makes the skin the color of Russia leather. Thus English beauty has the natural right, at least to be the loveliness of the European world. It is true, that beauty, even in England, is rare; but this is evidently owing, in a great degree, to the extraordinary mixture of the English blood during the last century. Our colonies have spoiled our national features; the population is mingled hourly with the sunburnt physiognomy of the West Indian, the sooty colored skin of the Asiatic, and the Tartar physiognomy of the Canadian. We have kept ourselves clear of the negro blood; but the progeny of the half-caste and the Creole make fearful inroads on the national countenance. It is chiefly in the retired districts of England that the original beauty of the English countenance is discoverable; and there it sometimes exhibits specimens of a very high order.

Blackwood.

ODE TO A GOOSE.

Written after dinner on the Feast of St. Michael.

STROPHE I.

O bird most rare! although thou art
Uncommon common on a common,
What man or woman
Can in one single term impart
A proper name for thee?—An ancient Roman
Would answer—"*Anser*." Sure I am, that no man,
Knowing thy various attributes, would choose
To call thee Goose!

ANTISTROPHE I.

No, Goose! thou art no Goose. Well stuffed with sage
And titillating things, both dead and living,
For ever art thou giving
Solace to man in life's brief pilgrimage;

EPODE I.

Jove's eagle wielding the avenging thunder,
Is but a folio hawk, a bird of plunder.
Minerva's owl,
(Both are foul fowl!)
Shunning the light, should ne'er have been preferr'd
To rank as Wisdom's bird.—
As for the young and stately swan,
A Scottish lawyer is the man
To sing its praises.
I am no writer to the cygnet—so,
Avoiding further periphrases,
For thee alone, O Goose! my verse shall flow.

STROPHE II.

O bird of Morpheus! half our lives are sped,
(Ay, and the happiest too) upon a bed
Stuffed with thy feathers. On thy breast
Thou hushest us to rest,
As if we were thy goslings,
Till we forget life's bubble-bubble,
Its toil and trouble,
Its crossings and its jostlings,
And borne in dreams to empyrean latitudes,
Revel in ecstacies and bright beatitudes.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Churls that we are! what snoozing hum
Ascends to thee?—what pæans, what adorings?
Our mouths, perchance, are open, but they're dumb:
Our soul harangues
Are nasal twangs,
And all our gratitude consists of snorings.

EPODE II.

Bird of Apollo! worthy to pluck grass
On the Parnassian mountain,
Beside the classic fountain
Of Hyppocrene, what Muse with thee can class,
To whose inspiring wing we owe
All that the poets past have writ;
From whose ungathered wings shall flow
All our whole store of future wit?
Well may'st thou strut,
Proud o' thy pens uncut,
Which shall cut jokes,
In after times, for unborn folks;
Well may'st thou plume thyself upon thy plumage—all
Is erudite and intellectual,
Each wing a cycloædia, fraught
With genius multiform, a world of thought!
Ah! when thou put'st thy head
Beneath that wing to bed,
In future libraries thou tak'st a nap,
And dream'st of Paternoster Row, mayhap!
What are *they* dreaming of, that they forget
(The publishing and scribbling set)
To apotheosise thee, Goose!
As the tenth Muse?

ANTISTROPHE III.

And then the darling driblets,
That constitute thy giblets,
Whether in soup or stew'd,
O! what delectable and dainty food!
Full of my subject ('twas my dinner dish)
No wonder that I feel all over goosy,
Fired with what Braham calls *entusimucy*,
So much so, I could almost wish,
If fate were nothing loth,
To be a Goose instead of man.
"Be doubly happy on thy present plan,"
(Methinks the reader cries,)
"And thank the favoring destinies,
"For now thou'rt *both!!*"

THE APOLLO—Late Euterpeian Hall.

MESSRS. BRAGALDI & PALMO beg leave to announce that the above establishment will be opened in a few days, for the performances of a company of Italian Marionettes.

The house is beautifully decorated, and furnished with a magnificent wardrobe, and superior orchestra—leader of the orchestra, Signor Pazzaglia—and it will be the endeavor of the management, by the novelty and variety of their performances, to ensure a share of public patronage for an entertainment which has met with approbation and support for many years, in the principal cities of Europe.

The management will have the honor, on their opening night, to present the melo-drama of *Blue Beard* and the ballet of *La Sylphide*, with scenery painted expressly for these pieces, by Signori Capelli, Molini, and Grain; the whole produced under the immediate supervision of Signor Bragaldi, late of the Italian Opera. [n25]

MADAME CARADORI ALLEN

BEGS permission to acquaint her friends and the public, that her Concert will take place at the City Hotel, on Wednesday evening next, 29th inst., to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets $1, may be had at the principal music stores, and at the City Hotel.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of fron. building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-tf]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

A FIRST RATE CLUB BOAT, 36 feet long, nearly new, on an improved model, and very fast. She will be sold low. Terms, &c. can be known, by applying by letter or otherwise, to the editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n25-3t]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—
First Day—Purse $300. Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.
On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $200 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.
Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

J. B. TAYLOR, POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
[n18-t1J]

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $200, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.
James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $300, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.
W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the y ear 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.
Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Doomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $300, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec., 1837.
Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.
L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.
Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John I. Granger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.
W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows' Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.
Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839. Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.
Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Coroilet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissexile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.
Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Bailie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refresents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

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DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
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NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YOR

Things Theatrical.

THE KENTUCKY HEIRESS.—This new comedy, by Mr. WILLIS, was utterly sacrificed at the Park on Wednesday. There is not a five-act comedy in the English language that could have survived such a cast, much less such wanton and unpardonable disregard to the text. The comedy itself is destitute of striking points and clap-traps, therefore requiring a finished personation of all its characters, and an emphatic reading of the author, to give it that charm which we have derived from reading it in private. Now, instead of finished personations, what think ye, gentle readers, were given in their stead? We will begin with the ladies, as our gallantry prompts, and try to convey some idea of its partial failure:—MISS CLIFTON'S "*Honoria Trevor*" had all the appearance of an impromptu personation of a character, through which a five hours' preparation had enabled her to grope her way darkly, without aiming in scarcely a single instance to lend that grace and enchantment to the character which study alone could have enabled her to do, and which few parts more imperiously demanded, or which would have more surely rewarded an attentive and close application in the acquirement of a full conception of its varied portraitures of passion. Such, indeed, was her imperfect knowledge of the part, that her early application to the prompter betrayed to the entire audience the impossibility of the character's receiving anything like justice at her hands, and at once threw a damp on the whole. Mrs. WHEATLEY was at home in her character of "Aunt *Panadise*," and although somewhat imperfect in the text, gave much satisfaction, and received frequent applause. Mr. WHEATLEY'S "Lord *Barksdale*," the hero, was all that could have been expected from him. He is an industrious and improving young actor, but totally deficient in those attributes which would enable him to personate a handsome, high bred, dashing English nobleman, whose polished manners and gallant bearing at once win the heart of the "Kentucky Heiress." This, then, was sacrifice No. 2. The comedy contains a Yankee character of much merit as a true portrait of a certain class to be found in New England, and full of humor and drollery,—just such an one as HILL could make the most laughable thing imaginable. This devolved upon FISHER, who in a twinkling transformed it into that anomalous being which we should call a *Yankee Yorkshireman*, and such was the humor of the metamorphose, that bursts of laughter followed the personation throughout. This was sacrifice No. 3. RICHINGS' *Pyefinch* was caricatured somewhat, but it indicated study and a just conception, and was so appreciated by the house. Let him moderate his dandyism, and temper his lisping with a freer utterance, and he is perfect in the part.

Such was the cast, and such the acting of the new comedy. That it survived one act is astonishing—but that it was listened to throughout with patience, and a determination to do the author justice, is a high compliment to the impartiality and liberal mindedness of a New York audience. The comedy is by no means faultless—we can see many faults and many short-comings—others can see more, but we are of those who contend that it has not been even tolerably personated, that the main characters were perfect marplots, instead of ornaments—and that common justice demands that we should withhold a final condemnation of the comedy until it fail in the hands of those capable of fulfilling the intentions, and portraying the characters and conceptions as set down for them by the author.

MADAME LECOMTE.—The very favorable impression made by this lady on her first appearance last week, has been confirmed in The Bayadere. She is incomparably the best Zobe we ever have had on our stage. It is impossible to discuss the subject in conversation, without at once instituting comparisons between the two distinguished artists now charming New Yorkers in this part; and we see no good reason why we should hesitate to express an opinion on the point in the columns of a newspaper. For ourselves we are persuaded that were the personal loveliness of the two *artistes* at all equal, the theatrical public would proclaim unanimously and vociferously the amazing inequality of their excellence in their art. We see not how they could hesitate. But the graceful and delicate beauty of Augusta is a match, and at the same house, would be mere than a match, for all the art and accomplishment of Madame Lecomte. While the latter delights you with a brilliant pirouette, and voluptuous balances and attitudes, Augusta needs but to smile one of her delicious smiles, and she straightway brings down the house. There is no resisting the fascination of her lovely form, her elegant attitudes, her sweet and beaming face. So perfect is the mould of her limbs, so lady-like her bearing upon the stage, and so winning is her attractive grace, that the beaux clap their hands in ecstacies of rapture, imagining themselves to be doing justice to her excellence in her art, while they are really doing homage to her charms of person, or hoping to win another of those heavenly smiles with which she so well repays applause.

A word now for Madame Lecomte, if our vocabulary of praise be not exhausted. Because we admire the person of Augusta, think not, too credulous reader, that we fail to appreciate the glowing charms of her fair rival. Madame Lecomte possesses a fine and expressive countenance, with brilliant eyes—her form is full and symmetrical, her limbs are models to our inexperienced, and her foot is exquisite. Her pantomime is beyond Augusta's by a vast distance, and in the wonders of the dance she astonishes you quite.

In the early scenes of the Bayadere she is far more effective than any one we have seen; indeed, she rather reverses the interest of the play, and makes the first act far the more interesting. And to those who hesitate to award her the palm for grace, we say, watch her in the shawl dance or whatever you may term it, and if her bearing be not as light and airy and graceful as one can well imagine, then we are at fault. On each night of the representation of this admired *opera-bailet*, or *ballet-opera*, the house has been crowded, and we learn that the same was the case at the National the first night. At this last theatre the part of *Ninka* is far better filled by Miss Turpin than it is at the Park.

Mr. VANDENHOFF has been performing at Albany during the past week to very good houses. His personation of Othello appears to be an especial favorite with the Albanians, and was the part in which he made his *debut*. The Albany Argus, speaking of his histrionic powers, as displayed in the performance of the above character, says:—

All concurred in awarding to him the rare merit, now-a-days, of performing well his part, without attempting to show off himself—his pulmonary, muscular, or other physical powers. His manner was, comparatively speaking, quiet, though by no means tame—his readings quite the thing in our judgment, and his entire performance altogether free from the rant, the stare, or the growl which some "stars" that might be mentioned affect. His is a style of acting which looks for its effect more to *what* is said, than to the mere power of voice or limb.

Cincinnati has been brightened by a galaxy of stars within these few weeks. Madame Augusta, during her brief engagement there, is reported to have realized near $3000, while the Ravel family pocketed a cool $1000, as the proceeds of a single benefit. Mrs. Watson, too, has been favoring the play-going part of the inhabitants with some of her truly charming songs.

Mr. Forrest continues to draw crowded houses at Philadelphia, and the enthusiastic applause with which his performances are received, appears to have increased rather than diminished since the first few nights of his engagement.